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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

THE BOOK OF FOLK STORIES



John Everett Millais pinxit.

Henry Marsh sculpsit.

CINDERELLA.

THE BOOK OF FOLK STORIES

REWRITTEN BY
HORACE E. SCUDDER



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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X

PREFACE.

FIVE years ago I brought out a little volume, *The Book of Fables*, with the hope that it would serve to introduce children, who had mastered their primers, to an acquaintance with the world's literature. I thought, and still think, that there is no one form of literary art so elementary as the fable, and no book so emphatically a child's first book in literature as one which gathers the fables most familiar to the ears of English-speaking people.

The fable is oriental, and it is antique. It is also exceedingly current and universal as a coin of speech. The man and the boy both use it, and while in its full form it seems most capable of giving pleasure to the child, its conventionalism enables the mature mind to accept it without any sense of condescension to childish things. It is the most perfect literary instrument of association between the young and the old, and becomes,

therefore, by right the first possession of children in literature.

There is another book which is more exclusively the child's, and is shared by older people rather through memory and association than by continued use. Every people of Europe, and the Americans by composite inheritance, have a body of household tales which, whatever their antiquity, have become the peculiar possession of Christendom. Scholars have made comparative studies of these tales, but they have based their studies upon the stories as they have been transmitted, not so much through books as through recital, from mother to child in the course of generations. While poets were forming the literature which fills our libraries, the unlettered people were repeating to each other these familiar tales. Now and then some romancer would take one of them and set it forth in finer, more fantastic garb, but for the most part the form was a homely one which did not greatly vary from one age to another.

The Book of Folk Stories is intended to contain the most famous of these stories, as known to English-speaking people. My pleasant task has been to rewrite them in such a form that they may be read by children themselves, at an age when they

are most capable of enjoying them. I have not knowingly departed from the generally accepted structure of the stories. I have simply tried to use words and constructions which present the fewest difficulties. Children can understand by hearing long before they can understand by reading, and the ordinary versions of these stories would be clearly intelligible to a child of eight listening to them, when the same child might not be able to read the version before he was twelve. But at twelve, we will say, he is beginning to have an interest in maturer forms of literature, and is, indeed, ready for them. What I wish is to make it possible for the child of eight to read these stories himself.

I do not pretend that this little collection is a comprehensive one, or is even representative, but I think it is at least good as far as it goes. It contains famous stories, and those which may most conveniently be used in the class-room; for since much of the early reading which American children get is in their schools, I hope this book may come to be used there, and make the teacher's work lighter through the pleasure which the tales themselves will give to children. Having this in mind, I have arranged the stories with some refer-

ence to the order of ease in reading, and I have purposely, in the earlier part of the book, repeated phrases so as to give the child the help which a familiar passage affords. I have also introduced chapter divisions for further aid.

I should like to believe that I had succeeded to some extent in thinking out these stories as a child would think them, and so had used that order and choice of words which would be the natural expression of a child's mind. If I could have done this perfectly, I should have produced a book in which a child would feel entirely at home. But I have never been able to persuade myself that I have found the mixture which Alice drank in Wonderland, when she wished to bring her head just to a level with the small people whom she had discovered.

H. E. S.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
June, 1887.

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THE BOOK OF FOLK STORIES.

THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LICKEN.

CHICKEN-LICKEN went one day to the wood. An acorn fell upon her poor bald head, and she thought the sky had fallen. Then she said she would go and tell the king that the sky had fallen. So Chicken-licken turned back and met Hen-len.

“Well, Hen-len, where are you going?”
And Hen-len said : —

“I am going to the wood for something to eat.” Then Chicken-licken said : —

“Oh ! Hen-len, don’t go, for I went, and the sky fell upon my poor bald head, and I am going to tell the king.” So Hen-len turned back and met Cock-lock.

“Well, Cock-lock, where are you going?”
And Cock-lock said : —

“I am going to the wood for something to eat.” Then Hen-len said : —

“ Oh ! Cock-lock, don't go, for I was going, and I met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the king.” So Cock-lock turned back and met Duck-luck.

“ Well, Duck-luck, where are you going ? ”
And Duck-luck said : —

“ I am going to the wood for something to eat.” Then Cock-lock said : —

“ Oh ! Duck-luck, don't go, for I was going, and I met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the king.” So Duck-luck turned back and met Drake-lake.

“ Well, Drake-lake, where are you going ? ”
And Drake-lake said : —

“ I am going to the wood for something to eat.” Then Duck-luck said : —

“ Oh ! Drake-lake, don't go, for I was going, and I met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we

are going to tell the king." So Drake-lake turned back and met Goose-loose.

"Well, Goose-loose, where are you going?" And Goose-loose said:—

"I am going to the wood for something to eat." Then Drake-lake said:—

"Oh! Goose-loose, don't go, for I was going, and I met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the king." So Goose-loose turned back and met Gander-lander.

"Well, Gander-lander, where are you going?" And Gander-lander said:—

"I am going to the wood for something to eat." Then Goose-loose said:—

"Oh! Gander-lander, don't go, for I was going, and I met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the king." So Gander-lander turned back and met Turkey-lurkey.

“Well, Turkey-lurkey, where are you going?” And Turkey-lurkey said:—

“I am going to the wood for something to eat.” Then Gander-lander said:—

“Oh! Turkey-lurkey, don’t go, for I was going, and I met Goose-loose, and Goose-loose met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the king.”

So Turkey-lurkey turned back and walked with Gander-lander, Goose-loose, Drake-lake, Duck-luck, Cock-lock, Hen-len, and Chicken-licken. And as they were walking they met Fox-lox. And Fox-lox said:—

“Where are you going, my pretty maids?” And they said:—

“Chicken-licken went to the wood, and the sky fell upon her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the king.” Then Fox-lox said:—

“Come with me, and I will show you the way.” So they went with him, but Fox-lox

led them into the Fox's hole, and he and his young ones soon ate poor Chicken-licken, Hen-len, Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose, Gander-lander, and Turkey-lurkey, and they never saw the king to tell him that the sky had fallen.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence.

"What shall I do with this little sixpence?" said she. "I will go to market, and buy a little pig." As she was coming home, she came to a stile; the piggy would not jump over the stile. She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog: —

"Dog! dog! bite pig! Pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night." But the dog would not. She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said: —

"Stick! stick! beat dog! Dog will not bite pig; pig will not jump over the stile;

and I shall not get home to-night." But the stick would not. She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said : —

" Fire ! fire ! burn stick ! Stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over the stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the fire would not. She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said : —

" Water ! water ! quench fire ! Fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over the stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the water would not. She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said : —

" Ox ! ox ! drink water ! Water will not quench fire ; fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over the stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the ox would not. She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said : —

" Butcher ! butcher ! kill ox ! Ox will not drink water ; water will not quench fire ; fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over

the stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the butcher would not. She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said : —

" Rope ! rope ! hang butcher ! Butcher will not kill ox ; ox will not drink water ; water will not quench fire ; fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over the stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the rope would not. She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said : —

" Rat ! rat ! gnaw rope ! Rope will not hang butcher ; butcher will not kill ox ; ox will not drink water ; water will not quench fire ; fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not bite pig ; pig will not jump over the stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." But the rat would not. She went a little further, and met a cat. So she said : —

" Cat ! cat ! catch rat ! Rat will not gnaw rope ; rope will not hang butcher ; butcher will not kill ox ; ox will not drink water ; water will not quench fire ; fire will not burn stick ; stick will not beat dog ; dog will not

bite pig ; pig will not jump over the stile ; and I shall not get home to-night." Then the cat said to her : —

"If you will go to the cow and bring me a saucer of milk, I will catch the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow. Then the cow said to her : —

"If you will go to the haystack, and bring me a handful of hay, I will give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the haystack, and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk. So away went the old woman with a saucer of milk to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped the milk, the cat began to catch the rat ; the rat began to gnaw the rope ; the rope began to hang the butcher ; the butcher began to kill the ox ; the ox began to drink the water ; the water began to quench the fire ; the fire began to burn the stick ; the stick began to beat the dog ; the dog began to bite the pig ; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile ; and so the old woman got home that night.

THE THREE BEARS.

THERE was once a little girl, and her name was Silver-hair. She liked to be out of doors, and one day she went to the wood. She never had been there before, and she ran here, and she ran there.

At last she came to a lonely place where she saw a little house. The door was open, and she walked in. No one was at home, but on a table were three bowls of porridge.

The three bowls of porridge belonged to three bears who lived in the house. They had left the porridge to cool, and had gone out to take a walk.

Silver-hair tasted the porridge in the largest bowl, and found it too cold. That bowl belonged to Big Bear.

Then she tasted the porridge in the middle-sized bowl, and found it too hot. That bowl belonged to Middle-sized Bear.

Then she tasted the porridge in the smallest bowl, and found it just right, and she ate it all. That bowl belonged to Little Bear.

She went into the parlor, and there were

three chairs. She tried the largest chair, and found it too high. That chair belonged to Big Bear.

Then she tried the middle-sized chair, and found it too broad. That chair belonged to Middle-sized Bear.

Then she tried the smallest chair and found it just right. But she sat in it so hard that she broke it. That chair belonged to Little Bear.

Silver-hair was now very tired, and she went up-stairs to the chamber. There were three beds. She tried the largest bed, and found it too soft. That bed belonged to Big Bear.

Then she tried the middle-sized bed, and found it too hard. That bed belonged to Middle-sized Bear.

Then she tried the smallest bed, and found it just right. So she lay down upon it, and fell fast asleep. That bed belonged to Little Bear.

Now the three bears came home from their walk. They went to the table to get their porridge. Big Bear looked into his bowl, and growled:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!”

Middle-sized Bear looked into his bowl, and said : —

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!”

Little Bear looked into his bowl, and peeped : —

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE, AND HAS EATEN IT ALL!”

Then they went into the parlor, and Big Bear looked at his chair, and growled : —

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!”

Middle-sized Bear looked at his chair, and said : —

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!”

Little Bear looked at his chair, and peeped : —

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR AND HAS BROKEN IT ALL TO PIECES!”

Then they went up-stairs to the chamber, and Big Bear saw his bed, and growled : —

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED!”

Middle-sized Bear saw his bed, and said : —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED!"

Little Bear saw his bed, and peeped: —

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TUMBLING MY BED, AND HERE SHE IS!"

At that, Silver-hair woke in a fright, and jumped down and ran away as fast as her legs could carry her; and she never went near the three bears' little house again.



THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER.

THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was honest. Still, he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. He cut these out at night, and meant to get up early the next morning to make them up.

His heart was light amid all his troubles, for his conscience was clear. So he went quietly to bed, left all his cares to God, and fell asleep. In the morning he said his prayers and sat down to work, when, to his great

wonder, there stood the shoes, already made, upon the table.

The good man knew not what to say or think. He looked at the work; there was not one false stitch in the whole job; all was neat and true.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he readily paid a price higher than usual for them. The shoemaker took the money and bought leather enough to make two pairs more. He cut out the work in the evening and went to bed early. He wished to be up with the sun and get to work.

He was saved all trouble, for when he got up in the morning, the work was done, ready to his hand. Pretty soon buyers came in, who paid him well for his goods. So he bought leather enough for four pairs more.

He cut out the work again over night, and found it finished in the morning as before. So it went on for some time. What was got ready at night was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon was well to do.

One evening, at Christmas time, he and his wife sat over the fire, chatting, and he said :

“I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me.” The wife liked the thought. So they left a light burning, and hid themselves behind a curtain to see what should happen.

As soon as it was midnight there came two little elves. They sat upon the shoemaker’s bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers. They stitched and rapped and tapped at such a rate that the shoemaker was all amazement and could not take his eyes off them for a moment.

On they went busily till the job was quite done, and the shoes stood, ready for use, upon the table. This was long before day-break. Then they bustled away as quick as lightning. The next day the wife said to the shoemaker : —

“These little elves have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them and do them some good in return. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do. They have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I’ll tell you what we must do ; I will make

each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain. Do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The good shoemaker liked the thought very well. One evening, they had the clothes ready, and laid them on the table instead of the work they used to cut out. Then they went and hid behind the curtain to watch what the little elves would do.

At midnight the elves came in and were going to sit down at their work as usual ; but when they saw the clothes lying there for them, they laughed and were in high glee. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door, and over the green.

The shoemaker saw them no more, but everything went well with him from that time forward as long as he lived.

HANS IN LUCK.

I.

THE SILVER, THE HORSE, THE COW, AND THE
FIG.

HANS had served his master seven years, and at last said to him : —

“ Master, my time is up ; I should like to go home and see my mother ; so give me my wages.” And the master said : —

“ You have been a good and faithful servant, so your pay shall be handsome.” Then he gave him a piece of silver as big as his head.

Hans took out his handkerchief, put the piece of silver in it, hung it over his shoulder, and jogged off homeward. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting along gayly on a capital horse.

“ Ah ! ” said Hans aloud, “ what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback ! there he sits as if he were at home in his chair ; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and gets

on he hardly knows how." The horseman heard this, and said : —

"Well, Hans, why do you go on foot then?"

"Ah," said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I cannot hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly."

"What do you say to changing?" asked the horseman. "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your silver."

"With all my heart," said Hans. "But I will tell you one thing — you will have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, put the bridle into his hand, and said : —

"When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips, and cry 'Jip.'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and cried "Jip." Away went the horse full gallop; Hans held on tightly, but soon he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the roadside. His horse would have run away, if a cowherd had not stopped

it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was greatly vexed, and said to the cowherd : —

“This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off and tries to break his neck. However, I am off now once for all. I like your cow a great deal better. I could walk along at my ease behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow !”

“Well,” said the cowherd, “if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse.”

“Done !” said Hans merrily. The cowherd jumped upon the horse and away he rode. Hans drove his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one.

“If I have only a piece of bread — and I certainly shall be able to get that — I can eat my butter and cheese with it. When I am thirsty I can milk my cow and drink the milk. What can I wish for more ?”

Now he came to an inn ; he halted, and gave away his last penny for a piece of bread and ate it. Then he drove his cow toward

the village where his mother lived. The heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself on a wide plain; it would take him more than an hour to cross the plain. He began to be so hot and parched that his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

"I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now I will milk my cow and quench my thirst." So he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into it; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and doing very ill, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head; the kick knocked him down, and there he lay a long time senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by, wheeling a pig in a wheelbarrow.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him some water.

"There, drink and refresh yourself. Your cow will give you no milk; she is an old beast, fit only to be killed and eaten."

"Alas, alas!" said Hans. "Who would have thought it? If I kill her, what would

she be good for ? I hate cow-beef ; it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, I could do something with it ; it would at any rate make some sausages."

" Well," said the butcher, " to please you, I will change, and give you the pig for the cow."

" Heaven reward you for your kindness ! " said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow. He took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it along, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

II.

THE PIG, THE GOOSE, THE GRINDSTONE, AND NOTHING.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go well with him. He had met with some ill luck to be sure, but he was now well repaid. The next person he met was a farmer carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The farmer stopped to ask what o'clock it was, and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The

farmer said he was going to take the goose to market.

"Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well."

"You are right," said Hans, as he weighed the goose in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle." Now the farmer began to look grave, and shook his head.

"Hark ye, my good friend," said he. "Your pig may get you into a scrape. In the village I just came from the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was very much afraid when I saw you that you had the squire's pig. It will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they will do will be to throw you into the horse pond." Poor Hans was in great fright.

"Good man," he cried, "pray get me out of this scrape. You know the country better than I; take my pig and give me the goose."

"I ought to have something into the bargain," said the farmer. "However, I will not be hard upon you, since you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his

hand, and drove the pig away by a side path, while Hans went on, free from care.

"After all," thought Hans, "I have the best of the bargain. First, there will be a capital roast; then the fat will keep me in goose-grease for six months; and there are all the soft white feathers. I will put them into my pillow, and then I shall sleep soundly. How happy my mother will be!"

As he came to the last village on the way, he saw a scissors-grinder with his wheel, working away and singing merrily. Hans stood by looking on for a while, and at last said:—

"You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work."

"Yes," said the other; "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand into his pocket without finding money. But where did you get that beautiful goose?"

"I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it."

"And where did you get the pig?"

"I gave a cow for it."

"And the cow?"

"I gave a horse for it."

"And the horse?"

"I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that."

"And the silver?"

"Oh, I worked hard for that for seven long years."

"You have done well so far," said the grinder. "Now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made."

"Very true; but how is that to be brought about?"

"You must turn grinder like me. You only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear; I would not ask more than your goose for it; — will you buy?"

"How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans; "I should be the happiest fellow in the world, if I could have money whenever I put my hand into my pocket. What could I want more? There is the goose!"

"Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a capital stone; only use it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it." Hans took the stone, and went off with a light

heart. His eyes shone for joy, and he said to himself : —

“I must have been born in a lucky hour. Everything I want or wish for comes to me of itself.”

Now Hans began to be tired, for he had been travelling ever since daybreak. He was hungry, too, for he had spent his last penny. At last he could go no further, for the stone was very heavy. He dragged himself to the side of a pond ; there he meant to drink some water and rest a while. He laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank, and stooped to drink ; but he forgot the stone and pushed it a little ; down it went plump into the pond.

For a while he watched it in the deep clear water ; then he sprang up for joy, and again fell on his knees and thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone.

“How happy I am !” he cried. “Surely no mortal was ever so lucky as I am.” Then he got up with a light and merry heart, and walked on, free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother’s house.

LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND
LITTLE THREE EYES.

I.

THE GOAT.

THERE was once a woman who had three daughters. The eldest was called Little One Eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead. The second was called Little Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people. The youngest was called Little Three Eyes, because she had three eyes; the third eye was also in the middle of her forehead.

Because Little Two Eyes looked like other people, her sisters and her mother could not bear her. They said : —

“You have two eyes and are no better than anybody else. You do not belong to us.” They knocked her about, and gave her shabby clothes, and fed her with food left over from their meals; in short, they vexed her whenever they could.

One day Little Two Eyes was sent into the fields to look after the goat. She was quite hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat, and she sat down and began to cry. She cried so hard that a little stream of tears ran out of each eye. All at once a wise woman stood near her, and asked : —

“Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?” Little Two Eyes said : —

“Have I not need to cry? Because I have two eyes, like other people, my sisters and my mother cannot bear me. They knock me about; they give me shabby clothes; and they feed me only with the food left over from their table. To-day they have given me so little that I am quite hungry.” The wise woman said : —

“Little Two Eyes, dry your eyes, and I will tell you what to do. Only say to your goat : ‘Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,’ and a neatly-laid table will stand before you, covered with food. Eat as much as you like. When you have had all you want, only say : ‘Little goat, bleat; little table, away,’ and it will be gone.” Then the wise woman disappeared. Little Two Eyes thought : —

"I must try at once, for I am much too hungry to wait." So she said : —

"Little goat, bleat ; little table, rise." In a twinkling there stood before her a little table covered with a white cloth. On it were laid a plate, knife and fork, and silver spoon. The nicest food was on the plate, smoking hot. Then Little Two Eyes began to eat, and found the food very good. When she had had enough, she said : —

"Little goat, bleat ; little table, away." In an instant the table was gone.

"That is a fine way to keep house," thought Little Two Eyes, and she was quite merry.

At the end of the day Little Two Eyes drove her goat home. She found a dish with some food in it ; her sisters had put it aside for her from their table, but she did not taste it. She did not need it.

The next day she went out again with her goat, and did not take the few crusts which her sisters put aside for her. This went on for several days. At last her sisters said to each other : —

"All is not right with Little Two Eyes.

She always leaves her food ; she used to eat all that was given her ; she must have found some other way to be fed."

They meant to find out what Little Two Eyes did. So the next time that Little Two Eyes set out, Little One Eye came to her and said : —

" I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is well taken care of, and feeds in the best pasture." But Little Two Eyes saw what Little One Eye had in her mind. So she drove the goat into the long grass, and said : —

" Come, Little One Eye, we will sit down, and I will sing to you." Little One Eye sat down ; she was tired after her long walk in the hot sun, and Little Two Eyes began to sing : —

" Are you awake, Little One Eye ? Are you asleep, Little One Eye ? Are you awake, Little One Eye ? Are you asleep, Little One Eye ? Are you awake ? Are you asleep ? Awake ? Asleep ?" By this time Little One Eye had shut her one eye and was fast asleep. When Little Two Eyes saw this, she said softly : —

“Little goat, bleat; little table, rise;” and she sat at the table and ate and drank till she had had enough. Then she said, as before: —

“Little goat, bleat; little table, away,” and in a twinkling all was gone.

Little Two Eyes now woke Little One Eye, and said: —

“Little One Eye, why do you not watch? You have been asleep, and the goat could have run all over the world. Come! let us go home.” So home they went, and Little Two Eyes again did not touch the dish. The others asked Little One Eye what Little Two Eyes did in the field. But she could only say: —

“Oh, I fell asleep out there.”

II.

THE TREE.

THE next day, the mother said to Little Three Eyes: —

“This time you must go with Little Two Eyes, and see if any one brings her food and drink.” Then Little Three Eyes said to Little Two Eyes: —

“ I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is well taken care of, and feeds in the best pasture.” But Little Two Eyes saw what Little Three Eyes had in her mind. So she drove the goat into the long grass, and said : —

“ Come, Little Three Eyes, we will sit down, and I will sing to you.” Little Three Eyes sat down ; she was tired after her long walk in the hot sun, and Little Two Eyes began to sing, as before : —

“ Are you awake, Little Three Eyes ? ” but instead of going on, —

“ Are you asleep, Little Three Eyes ? ” she did not think, and sang : —

“ Are you asleep, Little Two Eyes ? ” and went on : —

“ Are you awake, Little Three Eyes ? Are you asleep, Little Two Eyes ? Are you awake ? are you asleep ? Awake ? Asleep ? ” By this time the two eyes of Little Three Eyes fell asleep, but the third eye did not go to sleep, for it was not spoken to by the verse. Little Three Eyes, to be sure, shut it, and made believe that it went to sleep. Then she opened it a little way and watched Little Two Eyes.

When Little Two Eyes thought Little Three Eyes was fast asleep, she said softly : —

“Little goat, bleat ; little table, rise ;” and she sat at the table and ate and drank till she had had enough. Then she said as before : —

“Little goat, bleat ; little table, away.” But Little Three Eyes had seen everything. Little Two Eyes now woke Little Three Eyes, and said : —

“Little Three Eyes, why do you not watch ? You have been asleep, and the goat could have run all over the world. Come ! let us go home.” So home they went, and Little Two Eyes again did not touch the dish. Then Little Three Eyes said to the mother : —

“I know why the proud thing does not eat. She says to the goat : ‘Little goat, bleat ; little table, rise,’ and there stands a table before her. It is covered with the very best of things to eat, much better than anything we have. When she has had enough to eat, she says : ‘Little goat, bleat ; little table, away,’ and all is gone. I have seen it just as it is. She put two of my eyes to sleep with a song, but the one in my forehead stayed awake.” Then the mother cried out :

“Shall she be better off than we are?” With that she took a knife and killed the goat. Poor Little Two Eyes went to the field, and sat down and began to cry. All at once the wise woman stood near her, and asked:—

“Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?” Little Two Eyes said:—

“Have I not need to cry? My mother has killed the goat. Now I must suffer hunger and thirst again.” The wise woman said:—

“Little Two Eyes, dry your eyes, and I will tell you what to do. Beg your sisters to give you the heart of the goat. Then bury it in the ground before the door of the house. All will go well with you.” Then the wise woman was gone, and Little Two Eyes went home and said to her sisters:—

“Sisters, give me some part of my goat. I do not ask for anything but the heart.” They laughed, and said:—

“You can have that, if you do not want anything else.” Little Two Eyes took the heart and buried it in the ground before the door of the house.

Next morning the sisters woke and saw a splendid tree in front of the house. It had

leaves of silver and fruit of gold. It was wonderful to behold; and they could not think how the tree had come there in the night. Only Little Two Eyes saw that the tree had grown out of the heart of the goat. Then the mother said to Little One Eye:—

“Climb up, my child, and pluck some fruit from the tree.” Little One Eye climbed the tree. She put out her hand to take a golden apple, but the branch sprang back. This took place every time. Try as hard as she could, she could not get a single apple. Then the mother said:—

“Little Three Eyes, do you climb up. You can see better with your three eyes than Little One Eye can.” Down came Little One Eye, and Little Three Eyes climbed the tree. But it was with her just as it had been with Little One Eye. She put out her hand, and the branch sprang back. At last the mother tried, but it was the same with her. She could not get a single apple. Then Little Two Eyes said:—

“Let me try.”

“You!” they all cried. “You, with your

two eyes like other people ! What can you do ? ” But Little Two Eyes climbed the tree, and the branch did not spring back. The golden apples dropped into her hands, and she brought down her apron full of them. Her mother took them away from her, and her two sisters were angry because they had failed, and they were more cruel than ever to Little Two Eyes.

III.

THE PRINCE.

WHILE they stood by the tree, the Prince came riding near on a fine horse.

“ Quick, Little Two Eyes,” said her sisters, “ creep under this cask ; we are ashamed of you ; ” and they threw an empty cask over her, and pushed the golden apples under it. The Prince rode up and gazed at the splendid tree.

“ Is this splendid tree yours ? ” he asked of the sisters. “ If you will give me a branch from it, I will give you anything you wish. ” Then Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes

said the tree was theirs, and they would break off a branch for him. They put out their hands, but again the branches sprang back. Then the Prince said : —

“ This is very strange. The tree is yours, and yet you cannot pluck the fruit.”

They kept on saying that the tree was theirs, but while they were saying this, Little Two Eyes rolled a few of the apples out from under the cask. The Prince saw them, and asked : —

“ Why ! where did these golden apples come from ? Who is under the cask ? ” Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes told the Prince that they had a sister.

“ But she does not show herself,” they said. “ She is just like other people. She has two eyes.” Then the Prince called : —

“ Little Two Eyes ! come out ! ” So Little Two Eyes was very glad and crept out from under the cask.

“ Can you get me a branch from the tree ? ”

“ Yes,” said Little Two Eyes, “ I can, for the tree is mine.” Then she climbed the tree and broke off a branch. It had silver

leaves and golden fruit, and she gave it to the Prince. Then the Prince said : —

“ Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for it ? ”

“ Oh,” said Little Two Eyes, “ I suffer hunger and thirst all day long. If you would take me with you, I should be happy.”

So the Prince lifted Little Two Eyes upon his horse, and they rode away. He took her to his father’s house and made her Princess, and she had plenty to eat and drink, and good clothes to wear. Best of all, the Prince loved her, and she had no more hard knocks and cross words.

Now, when Little Two Eyes rode away with the Prince, the sisters said : —

“ Well, we shall have the tree. We may not pluck the fruit, but every one will stop to see it and come to us and praise it.” The next morning they went to look at the tree, and it was gone.

Little Two Eyes lived long and happily. One day, two poor women came to her, and asked for something to eat. Little Two Eyes looked at their faces and knew them. They were Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes.

They were so poor that they were begging bread from door to door. Little Two Eyes brought them into the house and was very good to them. Then they both were sorry for the evil they had once done their sister.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

I.

PUSS GOES A-HUNTING.

THERE was once an old miller, and when he came to die he left nothing to his three sons except his mill, an ass, and a cat. The eldest son took the mill, the second son took the ass, and so the cat fell to the youngest. This poor fellow looked very sober, and said : —

“What am I to do? My brothers can take care of themselves with a mill and an ass; but I can only eat the cat and sell his skin. Then what will be left? I shall die of hunger.” The cat heard these words and looked up at his master.

“Do not be troubled,” he said. “Only give me a bag and get me a pair of boots, and I will soon show you what I can do.”

The young man did not see what the cat could do, but he knew he could do many strange things. He had seen him hang stiff by his hind legs as if he were dead ; he had seen him hide himself in the meal tub. Oh ! the cat was a wise one ! Besides, what else was there for the young man to do ?

So he got for the cat a bag and a pair of boots. Puss drew on the boots and hung the bag about his neck. Then he took hold of the two strings of the bag with his fore paws and set off for a place where there were some rabbits.

He filled his bag with bran and left the mouth of the bag open. Then he lay down, shut his eyes, and seemed to be sound asleep. Soon a young rabbit smelled the bran and saw the open bag. He went headlong into it, and at once the cat drew the strings and caught the rabbit.

Puss now went to the palace, and asked to speak to the king. So he was brought before the king, and he made a low bow and said : —

"Sire, this is a rabbit which my master bade me bring to you."

"And who is your master?"

"He is the Marquis of Carabas," said the cat, bowing low. This was a title which Puss took it into his head to give his master.

"Tell your master that I accept his gift," said the king, and Puss went off in his boots. In a few days he hid himself with his bag in a cornfield. This time he caught two partridges, and carried them as before to the king. The king sent his thanks to the Marquis of Carabas, and made a present to Puss.

So things went on for some time. Every week Puss brought some game to the king, and the king began to think the Marquis of Carabas a famous hunter. Now it chanced that the king and his daughter were about to take a drive along the banks of a river. Puss heard of it and went to his master.

"Master," said he, "do just as I tell you, and your fortune will be made. You need only go and bathe in the river at a spot I shall point out, and leave the rest to me."

"Very well," said his master. He did as

the cat told him, but he did not know what it all meant. While he was in the river, the king and the princess drove by. Puss jumped out of the bushes and began to bawl : —

“ Help! help! the Marquis of Carabas is drowning! save him!” The king heard and looked out of his carriage. There he saw the cat that had brought him so much game, and he bade his men run to help the Marquis. When he was out of the river, Puss came forward, and told what had happened.

“ My master was bathing and some robbers came and stole his clothes. I ran after them and cried ‘ stop thief!’ but they got away. Then my master was carried beyond his depth and would have drowned if you had not come by with your men.”

At this the king bade one of his servants ride back and bring a fine suit of clothes for the Marquis, and they all waited. So, at last, the Marquis of Carabas came up to the carriage dressed much more finely than he ever had been in his life. He was a handsome fellow, and he looked so well that the king at once bade him enter the carriage.

II.

PUSS AND THE LION.

PUSS now had things quite to his mind. He ran on before and came to a meadow, where some men were mowing grass. He stopped before them, and said : —

“I say, good folks, the king is coming this way. You must tell him that this field belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or you shall all be chopped as fine as mince-meat.” When the carriage came by, the king put his head out, and said to the men : —

“This is good grass land. Who owns it?”

“The Marquis of Carabas,” they all said, for Puss had thrown them into a great fright.

“You have a fine estate, Marquis,” said the king.

“Yes, Sire,” he replied, tossing his head ; “it pays me well.” Puss still ran before the carriage and came soon to some reapers.

“I say,” he cried, “mind you tell the king that all this grain belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or you shall all be chopped as fine as mince-meat.” The king now came by and

asked the reapers who owned the grain they were cutting.

"The Marquis of Carabas," they said. So it went on. Puss bade the men in the fields call the Marquis of Carabas their lord, or it would go hard with them. The king was amazed. The marquis took it all with a grand air, and it was easy to see that he was a very rich and great man indeed. The princess sat in the corner of the carriage and thought the marquis no mean fellow.

At last they drew near the castle of the one who really owned all the fields they had passed through. Puss asked about him and found he was a monster who made every one about him very much afraid. Puss sent in word that he should like to pay his respects, and the monster bade him come in.

"I have been told," said Puss, "that you can change yourself into any kind of animal. They say you can even make yourself a lion."

"To be sure I can," said the monster, sharply. "Do you not believe it? Look, and you shall see me become a lion at once." When Puss saw a lion before him, he was thrown into a great fright, and got as far

away as he could. There he stayed till the lion became a monster again.

"That was dreadful!" said Puss. "I was nearly dead with fear. But it must be much harder to make yourself small. They do say that you can turn into a mouse, but I do not believe it."

"Not believe it!" cried the monster. "You shall see!" So he made himself at once into a mouse, and began running over the floor. In a twinkling Puss pounced upon him and gave him one shake. That was the end of the monster.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the castle, and thought he would like to see so fine a place. Puss heard the wheels and ran down just as the king drove up to the door.

"Welcome!" he said, as he stood on the steps of the castle. "Welcome to the castle of the Marquis of Carabas!"

"What! my lord Marquis," said the king, "does this castle, too, belong to you? I never saw anything so fine. I should really like to enter."

"Your majesty is welcome!" said the

young man, bowing low, taking off the cap which the king had given him. Then he gave his hand to the princess, and they went up the steps. Puss danced before them in his boots.

They came into a great hall, and there they found a feast spread. The monster had asked some friends to dine with him that day, but the news went about that the king was at the castle, and so they dared not go.

The king was amazed at all he saw, and the princess went behind him, just as much pleased. The Marquis of Carabas said little. He held his head high and played with his sword.

When dinner was over, the king took the marquis one side, and said : —

“ You have only to say the word, my lord Marquis, and you shall be the son-in-law of your king.”

So the marquis married the princess, and Puss in Boots became a great lord, and hunted mice for mere sport, just when he pleased.

CINDERELLA ; OR THE GLASS SLIPPER.

I.

CINDERELLA IN THE KITCHEN.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife and one beautiful daughter. The wife fell sick and died, and some time after the father married again, for he needed some one to take care of his child. The new wife appeared very well before the wedding, but afterward she showed a bad temper. She had two children of her own, and they were proud and unkind like their mother. They could not bear their gentle sister, and they made her do all the hard work.

She washed the dishes, and scrubbed the stairs ; she swept the floor in my lady's chamber, and took care of the rooms of the two pert misses. They slept on soft beds in fine rooms, and had tall looking-glasses, so that they could admire themselves from top to toe ; she lay on an old straw sack in the garret.

She bore all this without complaint. She

did her work and then sat in the corner among the ashes and cinders. So her two sisters gave her the name of Cinderella, or the cinder-maid. But for all her shabby dress, Cinderella was really much more beautiful than they ; and she surely was more lovely.

Now the king's son gave a ball, and he invited all the rich and the grand. Cinderella's two sisters were fine ladies ; they were to go to the ball. Perhaps they would even dance with the prince. So they had new gowns made, and they looked over all their finery.

Here was fresh work for poor Cinderella. She must starch their ruffles and iron their linen. All day long they talked of nothing but their fine clothes.

"I shall wear my red velvet dress," said the elder, "and trim it with my point lace."

"And I," said the younger sister, "shall wear a silk gown, but I shall wear over it a gold brocade, and I shall put on my diamonds. You have nothing so fine."

Then they began to quarrel over their clothes, and Cinderella tried to make peace between them. She had good taste, so she helped them about their dresses, and offered to arrange their hair on the night of the ball.

While she was thus busy, the sisters said to her : —

“ And pray, Cinderella, would you like to go to the ball ? ”

“ Nay,” said the poor girl ; “ you are mocking me. It is not for such as I to go to balls.”

“ True enough,” they said with a jeer. “ Folks would laugh to see a cinder-maid at a court ball.”

Any one else would have dressed their hair ill to spite them for their rudeness. But Cinderella was good-natured, and only took more pains to make them look well.

The two sisters scarcely ate a morsel for two days before the ball. Indeed it was not very easy for them to eat much, they had laced themselves so tightly. They wished to look thin and graceful. They lost their tempers over and over, and they spent most of the time before their tall glasses. There they turned and turned to see how they looked behind, and how their long trains hung.

At last the evening came, and off they set, in a coach. Cinderella watched them till they were out of sight, and then she sat down by the kitchen fire and began to weep.

All at once her fairy godmother appeared, with her wand.

"What are you crying for, my little maid?"

"I wish — I wish," began the poor girl, but her voice was choked with tears.

"You wish that you could go to the ball?"

Cinderella nodded.

"Well, then, if you will be a good girl, you shall go. Run quick and fetch me a pumpkin from the garden."

Cinderella flew to the garden and brought back the finest pumpkin she could find. She could not guess what use it would be, but the fairy scooped it hollow, and then touched it with her wand. The pumpkin became at once a splendid gilt coach.

"Now fetch me the mouse-trap from the pantry."

In the mouse-trap were six sleek mice. The fairy opened the door, and as they ran out she touched each with her wand, and it became a gray horse. But what was she to do for a coachman?

"We might look for a rat in the rat-trap," said Cinderella.

“That is a good thought. Run and bring the rat-trap, my dear.”

Back came Cinderella with the trap. In it were three large rats. The fairy chose one that had long black whiskers, and she made him the coachman.

“Now go into the garden and bring me six lizards. You will find them behind the water-pot.”

These were no sooner brought than, lo ! with a touch of the wand they were turned into six footmen, who jumped up behind the coach, as if they had done nothing else all their days. Then the fairy said : —

“Here is your coach and six, Cinderella ; your coachman and your footmen. Now you can go to the ball.”

“What ! in these clothes ?” and Cinderella looked down at her ragged frock. The fairy laughed and just touched her with the wand. In a twinkling her shabby clothes were changed to a dress of gold and silver tissue, and on her bare feet were silk stockings and a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest ever seen.

“Now go to the ball, Cinderella ; but re-

member, if you stay one moment after midnight, your coach will instantly become a pumpkin, your horses will be mice, your coachman a rat, and your footmen lizards. And you? you will be once more only a cinder-maid in a ragged frock and with bare feet."

II.

CINDERELLA IN THE PALACE.

CINDERELLA promised and drove away in high glee. She dashed up to the palace, and her coach was so fine that the king's son came down the steps of the palace to hand out this unknown princess. He led her to the hall where all the guests were dancing.

The moment she appeared all voices were hushed, the music stopped, and the dancers stood still. Such a beautiful princess had never been seen! Even the king, old as he was, turned to the queen and said: —

"She is the most beautiful being I ever saw — since I first saw you!"

As for the ladies of the court, they were all busy looking at Cinderella's clothes. They

meant to get some just like them the very next day, if it was possible.

The prince led Cinderella to the place of highest rank and asked her hand for the next dance. She danced with so much grace that he admired her more and more. Supper was brought in, but the prince could not keep his eyes off the beautiful stranger. Cinderella went and sat by her sisters and shared with them the fruit which the prince gave her. They were very proud to have her by them, for they never dreamed who she really was.

Cinderella was talking with them when she heard the clock strike the quarter hour before twelve. She went at once to the king and queen and made a low courtesy and bade them good-night. The queen said there was to be another ball the next night, and she must come to that. The prince led her down the steps to her coach, and she drove home.

At the house the fairy sat waiting for Cinderella. The maiden began to tell all that had happened, and was in the midst of her story, when a knock was heard at the door. It was the sisters coming home from the ball. The fairy disappeared, and Cinderella went

to the door, rubbing her eyes, as if she had just waked from a nap. She was once more a poor little cinder-maid.

"How late you are!" she said, as she opened the door.

"If you had been to the ball, you would not have thought it late," said her sisters. "There came the most beautiful princess that ever was seen. She was very civil to us and loaded us with oranges and grapes."

"Who was she?" asked Cinderella.

"Nobody knew her name. The prince would give his eyes to know."

"Ah! how I should like to see her," said Cinderella. "Oh, do, my Lady Javotte," — that was the name of the elder sister, — "lend me the yellow dress you wear every day, and let me go to the ball and have a peep at the beautiful princess."

"What! lend my yellow gown to a cinder-maid! I am not so silly as that."

Cinderella was not sorry to have Javotte say no; she would have been puzzled to know what to do if her sister had really lent her the dress she begged for.

The next night came, and the sisters again

went to the court ball. After they had gone, the fairy came as before and made Cinderella ready.

“Now remember,” she said, as the coach drove away, “remember twelve o’clock.”

Cinderella was even more splendid than on the first night, and the king’s son never left her side. He said so many pretty things that Cinderella could think of nothing else. She forgot the fairy’s warning ; she forgot her promise. Eleven o’clock came, but she did not notice the striking ; the half-hour struck, but the prince grew more charming, and Cinderella could hear nothing but his voice ; the last quarter — but still Cinderella sat by the prince.

Then the great clock on the tower struck the first stroke of twelve. Up sprang Cinderella, and like a frightened fawn she fled from the room. The prince started to follow her, but she was too swift for him ; in her flight, one of her glass slippers fell from her feet, and he stopped to pick it up.

The last stroke of twelve died away as Cinderella darted down the steps of the palace. In a twinkling the gay lady was gone ; only a

shabby cinder-maid was running down the steps. The splendid coach and six, driver and footmen — all were gone ; only a pumpkin lay on the ground, and a rat, six mice, and six lizards scampered off.

Cinderella reached home, quite out of breath. She had saved nothing of all her finery but one little glass slipper. The prince had its mate, but he had lost the princess. He asked the soldiers at the palace gate if they had not seen her drive away. No ; at that hour only a ragged girl had passed out.

Soon the two sisters came home from the ball, and Cinderella asked them if they had again seen the beautiful lady. Yes ; she had been at the ball, but she had left suddenly, and no one knew what had become of her. But the prince would surely find her, for he had one of her glass slippers.

They spoke truly. A few days afterward, the king's son sent a messenger with the slipper and a trumpet through all the city. The messenger sounded his trumpet and shouted that the prince would marry the lady who could wear the glass slipper. So the slipper was first tried on by all the princesses ;

then by all the duchesses; next by all the persons belonging to the court; but in vain: not one could wear it.

Then it was carried to all the fine houses, and it came at last to the two sisters. They tried with all their might to force a foot into the fairy slipper, but they could not. Cinderella stood by, and said: —

“Suppose I were to try.” Her two sisters jeered at her, but the messenger looked at Cinderella. He saw that she was very fair, and, besides, he had orders to try the slipper on the foot of every maiden in the kingdom if need be.

So he bade Cinderella sit down on a three-legged stool in the kitchen. She put out her little foot, and the slipper fitted like wax. The sisters stood in amaze. Then Cinderella put her hand into her pocket and drew forth the other glass slipper, and put it on her other foot.

The moment that Cinderella did this, the fairy, who stood by unseen, touched her with her wand, and the cinder-maid again became the beautiful, gaily-dressed lady. The sisters saw that she was the same one whom they

had seen at the ball. They thought how ill they had treated her all these years, and they fell at her feet and asked her to forgive them.

Cinderella was as good now as she had been when she was a cinder-maid. She freely forgave her sisters and took them to the palace with her, for she was now to be the prince's wife; and when the old king and queen died, the prince and Cinderella reigned in their stead.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

I.

THE BEAUTY GOES TO SLEEP.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who grieved sorely that they had no child. But at last a daughter was born, and the king was overjoyed. He gave a great feast, and asked to it all the fairies in the land, seven in all. He hoped that each would give the child a gift.

In front of each fairy at the table was set a heavy gold plate, and by each plate a gold

knife and fork. Just as they sat down to the feast, in came an old fairy who had not been invited. No one knew she was living. Fifty years before she had shut herself up in a tower, and had not been seen since.

The king hurried off to find a gold plate and knife and fork for her also. But nothing could be found so fine as the seven plates which had been made to order for the seven fairies. The old fairy thought herself ill-used and grumbled in a low voice. At that, one of the young fairies feared she meant mischief to the child, and so when the feast was over, hid herself behind the hangings in the hall. We shall soon see why she did this.

The fairies now began to give gifts to the child, beginning with the youngest. She gave her beauty; the next gave her wit; the third gave her grace; the fourth said she should dance perfectly; the fifth gave her a voice to sing; the sixth said she should play beautifully on the harp.

The turn of the old fairy had now come, and she shook her head wickedly and said the child would grow up, but when she was grown, she would pierce her hand, when spin-

ning, and die of the wound. At this, all the company began to weep, but the fairy who had hidden came forward and said : —

“ Be of good cheer, king and queen. Your daughter shall not so die. I cannot entirely undo what my elder has done. The princess must pierce her hand when spinning, but instead of dying she shall fall into a deep sleep. The sleep shall last a hundred years ; at the end of that time a king’s son will come to wake her.”

The king was very sad, but he hoped he might prevent the evil. So he made a law that no one in the kingdom should spin or have a spinning-wheel in the house, under pain of instant death.

All went well for fifteen years. Then it chanced that the princess was with the king and queen in one of their castles, and was spying about by herself. She came to a little chamber at the top of a tower, and there sat an honest old woman spinning. She was very old and deaf, and had never heard of the king’s command.

“ What are you doing ?” asked the princess.

“ I am spinning, my pretty child.”

“How charming it is!” said the princess. “How do you do it? Let me try if I can spin.” She seized the spindle, but she was hasty and careless, and pierced her hand with its point. She fainted, and the old woman, in great alarm, ran for help. People came running from all sides, but they could not rouse her.

The king heard the noise and came also. Then he saw that the cruel fairy had had her wish. His daughter would not wake for a hundred years. He laid her on the bed in the best room, and stood sadly looking upon her. She was asleep; he could hear her breathe; her cheeks were full of color, but her eyes were closed.

Now the good fairy, who had said the princess should wake in a hundred years, was thousands of miles away at the time. But she knew of it, and came at once in a chariot of fire drawn by dragons. The king came to meet her, his eyes red with weeping.

The good fairy was very wise and saw that the princess would not know what to do if she awoke all alone in the castle, in a hundred years. So this is what she did.

She touched with her wand every one in the castle except the king and the queen. She touched the maids of honor, the gentlemen, the officers, the stewards, cooks, boys, guards, porters, pages, footmen ; she touched the horses in the stable, the grooms, the great mastiff in the court-yard, and the tiny lap-dog of the princess that was on the bed beside her.

The moment she touched them, they all fell asleep just as they were, not to wake again until the time came for their mistress to do so, and then they all would be ready to wait on her. Even the fire went to sleep, and the roasting-spit before the fire with its fowls ready for roasting.

It was the work of a moment. The king and queen kissed their daughter good-by and left the castle. The king issued a command that no one was to go near the castle. That was needless ; for in a quarter of an hour, a wood had grown about it so thick and thorny that nothing could get through it. The castle-top itself could only be seen from afar.

II.

THE BEAUTY WAKES.

AFTER a few years the king and queen died. They had no other child, and the kingdom passed into the hands of a distant family. A hundred years went by. The son of the king who was then reigning was out hunting one day, when he noticed the tower of a castle in the distance. He asked what castle it was.

All manner of answers were given to him. One said it was a fairy castle ; another said that a great monster lived there. At last an old man said : —

“ Prince, more than fifty years ago I heard my father say that there was in that castle the most beautiful princess ever seen ; that she was to sleep for a hundred years, and to be waked at last by the king’s son, who was to marry her.”

The young prince at these words felt himself on fire. He had not a doubt that he was the one to awaken the princess. He set out

at once for the wood, and when he drew near, the trees and thorns opened on one side and the other to offer him a path.

He was in a long, straight road, and at the end was the castle in full view. He turned to look for his comrades. Not one was to be seen. The wood had closed again behind him. He was alone, and all was still about him. Forward he strode and came to the castle-gate. He entered the court-yard and stood still in amazement.

On every side were the bodies of men and animals. But the faces of the men were rosy ; it was plain that they were asleep. His steps sounded on the marble floor. He entered the guard-room. There the guards stood drawn up in line, with their spears in their hands, but they did not move. They were fast asleep.

He passed through one room after another ; people were asleep in chairs, on benches, standing, sitting, lying down. He entered a beautiful room, covered with gold, and saw the most wonderful sight of all.

There lay a maiden, so fair that she seemed to belong to another world. He drew near

and knelt beside her. She did not stir. Her hand lay on her breast, and he touched his lips to it.

As he did this, her eyes opened and looked at the young man. She smiled, and said :—

“Have you come, my prince? I have waited long for you.”

The prince hardly knew how to answer, but he soon found his voice, and they talked for hours, and had not then said half that was in their heads to say.

Now the moment that the princess waked, her little lap-dog waked also. The great mastiff in the court-yard awoke ; the horses in the stable and the grooms awoke ; the footmen, the pages, the porters, the guards, the boys, the cooks, the stewards, the officers, the gentlemen and the maids of honor, all awoke. The fire began to burn again, the spits turned round, and the fowls began to roast.

So, while the prince and the princess forgot the hours in talk, these people began to be hungry. The maids of honor went to the princess to tell her that they all waited for her. Then the prince took the princess by the hand and led her into the hall.

She was dressed in great splendor, but the prince did not hint that she looked as the picture of his great-grandmother looked. He thought her all the more charming for that, but he did not tell her so. The musicians played excellent but old music at supper; and after supper, to lose no time, the prince and princess were married in the chapel of the castle.

The next day they left the castle. All the people followed them down the long path. The wood opened again to let them through. Outside they met the prince's men, and glad they were to see the prince once more. He turned to show them the castle, when, lo! there was no castle to be seen, and no wood.

But the prince and princess rode gaily away, and when the old king and queen died, they reigned in their stead.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

I.

BEAUTY AND HER SISTERS.

THERE was once a rich merchant who had six children, three sons and three daughters; he loved them more than he loved all his riches, so that he was always seeking to make them happy and wise.

The daughters were very pretty; but the youngest was more than pretty—she was beautiful. As every one called her Little Beauty when she was a child, and she became more lovely every year, the name grew up with her, so that she had no other than just — Beauty.

Now Beauty was as good as she was beautiful; but her elder sisters were ill-natured and jealous of her, and could not bear to hear her called Beauty. They were very proud, too, of their father's riches, and put on great airs. They would not visit the daughters of other merchants, but were always following persons who had titles, Lady this and Duchess that.

They laughed at Beauty, who lived quietly at home with their father.

The father was so rich that many great merchants wished to marry his daughters, but the two eldest always said that they could never think of marrying anybody below a duke, or at the least an earl. As for Beauty, she thanked her lovers for thinking so well of her, but as she was still very young, she wished to live a few years longer with her father.

Now it fell out that the merchant all at once lost his great wealth. Nothing was left but one small house in the country, and there the poor man told his children they must now go, and earn their daily bread.

The two eldest daughters said they need not go, for they had plenty of lovers who would be glad enough to marry them, even though they had lost their fortune. But they were wrong, for their lovers would not look at them now, and jeered at them in their trouble, because they had been so proud before.

Yet every one felt sorry for Beauty. Several gentlemen who loved her begged her still to let them marry her, though she had not a penny. Beauty refused, and said she

could not leave her father now that trouble had come upon him.

So the family went to live in the small house in the country. There the merchant and his three sons ploughed and sowed the fields, and worked hard all day. Beauty rose at four o'clock every morning, put the house in order, and got breakfast for the whole family. It was very hard at first, for no one helped her ; but every day it grew easier to work, and Beauty grew stronger and rosier. When her work was done, she could read or play on her harp, or sit at her spinning-wheel, singing as she spun.

As for her two sisters, they were idle and unhappy, and became quite helpless. They never got up till ten o'clock, and then they spent the day moping and fretting, because they no longer had fine clothes to wear, and could not go to fine parties to be seen. They jeered at Beauty, and said she was nothing but a servant-girl after all, to like that way of living ; but Beauty did not mind them, and lived on cheerfully.

They had been in the country a year, when the merchant one morning had a letter. It

brought the news that a ship laden with rich goods belonging to him had not been lost after all, and had just come into port. The two sisters were half wild with joy, for now they could soon leave the farm-house, and go back to the gay city.

When their father was about to go to the port to settle his business there, they begged him to bring back all manner of fine things for them.

Then the merchant asked Beauty : —

“And what shall I bring you, Beauty?” for Beauty had yet asked for nothing.

“Why, since you ask me, dear father, I should like you to bring me a rose, for none grow in these parts.” Now Beauty did not care so very much for a rose, but she did not like to seem to blame her sisters, or to appear better than they, by saying that she did not wish for anything.

The good man set off; but all was not as he had hoped. The ship had come in, but there was a dispute about the cargo. He went to law, and it ended in his turning back poorer than when he left his home.

II.

THE BEAST AT HOME.

HE set out to return to the farm-house. When he was within thirty miles of home, he came to a large wood through which he must pass. The snow began to fall, and covered the path. The night closed in, and it grew so dark and so cold that the poor man gave himself up for lost. He could not see the way, and he was faint with cold and hunger.

All at once he saw a light at the end of a long avenue of trees. He turned into the avenue and rode until he came to the end of it. There he found a great palace; the windows were all lighted, and the door stood open, but he saw not a soul.

The door of the stable was also open, and his horse walked in. A crib full of hay and oats was there, and the tired beast fell to eating heartily. The merchant left his horse in the stall and entered the palace. He saw nobody and heard nobody, but a fire was burning on the hearth, and a table was spread with choice food, and set for one person. He was

wet to the skin, and went to the fire to dry himself, saying : —

“I hope the master of the house or his servants will not blame me for this. No doubt some one will soon come.”

He waited, but no one came. The clock struck eleven. Then, faint for want of food, he went to the table and ate some meat, yet all the time in a great fright. But when he was no longer hungry, he began to pluck up courage, and to look about him.

The clock struck twelve. He left the hall and passed through one room after another till he came to one where there was a bed. It was made ready, and since he was very tired he lay down and slept soundly.

The merchant did not wake till ten o'clock the next morning. He had placed his clothes on a chair by the side of the bed. They had been nearly ruined by the storm, and were besides old and worn. Now he saw a wholly new suit in their place.

He began to think he must be in the palace of some fairy, and he was sure of it when he looked out of the window. The snow had gone, and a lovely garden lay before him, full

of flowers. He dressed and went back to the hall. A table was spread for breakfast, and he at once sat down to it. Then he went to get his horse. On the way he passed some roses. He remembered Beauty and plucked a rose to take home with him.

As soon as he had done this, he heard a frightful roar, and saw a dreadful Beast coming toward him. He was so frightened that he nearly fell down. The Beast cried out in a loud voice : —

“Ungrateful man ! I saved your life by letting you come into my palace. I gave you food to eat and a bed to rest in, and now you steal my roses, which I love beyond everything. You shall pay for this with your life !” The poor man threw himself on his knees before the Beast, saying : —

“Forgive me, my lord. I did not know I was doing wrong. I only wanted to pluck a rose for one of my daughters. She asked me to bring one home to her. I pray you, do not kill me, my lord.”

“I am not a lord. I am a Beast. I hate soft words, and you will not catch me by any of your fine speeches. You say you have

daughters. Well, I will forgive you, if one of them will come and die in your stead. But promise that, if they refuse, you will come back in three months."

The merchant did not mean in the least to let one of his daughters die for him. But he wished to see his children once more before he died, so he promised to return if one of his daughters would not die for him. The Beast then told him to go back to the room where he had slept. There he would find a chest. He might fill it with anything he found in the palace, and it would be sent after him.

III.

BEAUTY GOES TO THE BEAST.

THE merchant did as he was bid. The floor of the room was covered with gold, and he filled the chest. If he must die, he would at least provide for his children. Then he took his horse and rode out of the wood, and came at last to his home. He held the rose in his hand, and as the daughters came out to

meet him, he gave it to the youngest, saying: —

“Take it, Beauty. You little know what it has cost your poor father;” and then he told all that had happened since he left home.

The two eldest daughters began to cry aloud, and to blame Beauty. Why did she ask for roses? Why did she not ask for dresses, as they did; then all would have gone well. Now the hard-hearted thing, they said, did not shed a tear. Beauty replied quietly that it was of little use to weep. She meant to go and die in her father’s stead.

“No, no!” cried the three brothers. “We will go and seek this Beast, and either he or we must die!”

“It is all in vain,” said the father. “You do not know the Beast. He is more mighty than you can think. No! you must stay and care for your sisters. At the end of three months I shall go back and die.” The merchant then went to his room, and there he found the chest of gold.

He was greatly amazed. He had forgotten the promise of the Beast. But he said nothing about the chest to his daughters. He wa

sure they would tease him to go back to town to live.

Beauty said little, but when the three months were over, she made ready to go with her father. The brothers and sisters bade them good-by, and wept over Beauty. The brothers wept real tears, but the sisters rubbed their eyes with onions, so as to make tears ; they did not really care.

The horse took the right road, as if he knew the way, and when he came to the palace, he went at once to the stable. The merchant and Beauty entered the palace. They found the table spread for two persons, and they sat down to it.

After supper there was a great roar as before, and the Beast entered. Beauty trembled, and the Beast turned to her and said : —

“Did you come of your own self?”

“Yes,” said Beauty, still trembling.

“Then I thank you. But you, sir,” and he turned to the father, “get you gone to-morrow, and never let me see your face again. Good-night, Beauty.”

“Good-night, Beast,” she replied, and Beast walked off. The merchant begged

and begged his daughter to leave him and to go back to her home. But she was firm, and when the morning came, she made him leave her.

“Surely,” he thought, “Beast will not hurt Beauty.”

Beauty wept, but she was a brave girl, and soon she dried her eyes and began to walk through the palace. She came to a door and over it was written BEAUTY’S ROOM. She opened the door and found herself in a fine chamber, with books, music, and a harp, and many beautiful things.

“It cannot be that I have only a day to live,” she said, “for why should all this be done for me?” She opened a book and saw written in letters of gold: *Your wishes and commands shall be obeyed. You are here the queen over everything.*

“Alas!” she thought, “I wish most of all I could see my father and know what he is doing.” Just then her eyes fell on a large looking-glass, and in it she saw her father just reaching home. Her sisters came out to meet him. They tried to look sad, but it was plain that they were not sorry to see him come home alone.

The sight in the glass was only for a moment ; then it faded, and Beauty turned away, and in her mind thanked Beast for what he had done.

At noon she found dinner ready for her, and sweet music sounded as she ate. But she saw nobody. At night Beast came and asked leave to sup with her. Of course she could not say no, but she sat in a fright all through supper. He did not speak for some time. Then he said : —

“Beauty, do you think me very ugly ?”

“Yes, Beast ; I cannot tell a lie. But I think you are very good.” Nothing more was said, and Beauty was beginning to be rid of her fear, when all at once he asked : —

“Beauty, will you marry me ?” Beauty was in a fright again, but she answered : —

“No, Beast.” He gave a great sigh which shook the house. Then he got up from the table and said : —

“Good-night, Beauty,” and went away. Beauty was glad he had gone, but she could not help pitying him.

IV.

THE CHARM IS BROKEN.

BEAUTY lived in this way three months. The Beast came to supper every night. He did not grow less ugly, but Beauty did not mind his ugliness so much, for she saw how kind he really was. But there was one sore trouble. Every night the Beast was sure to ask : —

“Will you marry me, Beauty?” and Beauty always answered : —

“No, Beast.”

But one night he begged her at least never to leave him. Now it chanced on that very day Beauty had looked in her glass. There she saw her father sick with grief, for he thought his child was dead. Her sisters were married. Her brothers were soldiers. So she told all this to the Beast, and wept and said she should die if she could not see her father once more.

“Do not refuse to let me go!” she begged.

“No,” said the Beast. “I will not refuse

you. I would much rather your poor Beast should die of grief for your absence. So you may go."

"Oh, thank you, dear Beast," said Beauty, "and I will surely come back in a week."

"When you wish to come back, Beauty, lay your ring on the table before you go to bed, and you will find yourself here when you wake. Good-night, Beauty."

"Good-night, Beast."

The next morning Beauty woke to find herself at the farm-house. Her father was so glad to see her once more, and to know she was alive and well, that his sickness left him at once. He sent for her sisters, who came and brought their husbands.

These husbands were not much to be praised. One was so vain that he looked at himself and seldom looked at his wife. The other had a sharp tongue and liked to use it on other people and most of all on his own wife. So the sisters were no happier than they had been.

But they were still jealous of Beauty, and they laid a plan for her hurt. They thought if they could keep her at home after the week

was over, the Beast would be so angry, he would soon make an end of her. So, at the end of the week they made a great ado, and begged her to stay just a little longer. Beauty could not help being glad to have her sisters want her. She said she would stay one week more, but she was not quite easy in her mind.

On the night of the tenth day the sisters gave her a feast, in order to make her forget the Beast. But at night Beauty dreamed she saw poor Beast lying half dead on the grass in the palace garden. She woke in tears, and at once laid her ring on the table, and then went to sleep again.

When she awoke, she was once more in her room at the palace. All day she wished for supper time to come. Then she would see Beast again. But supper time came and no Beast was at the table. Nine o'clock struck and still Beast did not come.

Beauty flew into the garden. She went to the spot she had dreamed of, and there lay poor Beast on the grass. She felt his heart beat. He was still alive. She ran for some water and threw it on his face. The Beast opened his eyes and said in a faint voice : —

“You forgot your promise. I could not live without you, and I meant to starve to death. Now you have come, and I shall die happy.”

“No! you shall not die, dear Beast,” cried Beauty. “You shall live to be my husband, for now I feel I really love you.”

At these words the whole palace was ablaze with light. Music sounded, and there was a stir all about. There was no Beast, but in his place a very handsome prince was at Beauty’s feet.

“You have broken the charm that held me,” he said.

“But where is my poor Beast?” asked Beauty, weeping. “I want my dear Beast.”

“I was the Beast,” said the Prince. “A wicked fairy had power to make me live in that ugly form till some good and beautiful maid should be found, so good as to love me in spite of my ugliness.”

Beauty was amazed, but she took the Prince’s hand and they went into the palace. The people of the country were full of joy. They had mourned for their Prince, and now he had suddenly come back again, and with

him was a beautiful princess. So Beauty and the Beast, who was no longer a Beast, reigned happily in the kingdom.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

I.

THE BEANS ARE PLANTED.

IN the days of King Alfred a poor woman was living in a country village in England. She had an only son, Jack, who was a good-natured, idle boy. She was too easy with him. She never set him to work, and soon there was nothing left to them but their cow. Then the mother began to weep and to think that she had brought up her boy very ill.

"Cruel boy!" she said. "You have at last made me a beggar. I have not money enough to buy a bit of bread. We cannot starve. We must sell the cow, and then, what shall we do?"

At first Jack felt very badly and wished he had done better. But soon he began to think

what fun it would be to sell the cow. He begged his mother to let him go with the cow at once to the nearest village. She was not very willing. She did not believe Jack knew enough to sell a cow, but at last she gave him leave.

Off went Jack with the cow. He had not gone far when he met a butcher.

"Where are you going with your cow?" asked the butcher.

"I am going to sell it," said Jack. The butcher, as they talked, held his hat in his hand and shook it. Jack looked into the hat and saw some odd-looking beans. The butcher saw him eye them. He knew how silly Jack was, so he said to him: —

"Well, if you wish to sell your cow, sell her to me. I will give you all these beans for her."

Jack thought this a fine bargain. He gave the butcher the cow and took the beans. He ran all the way home and could hardly wait to reach the house. He called out to his mother to see what he had got for the cow.

When the poor woman saw only a few beans, she burst into tears. She was so vexed

that she threw the beans out of the window. She did not even cook them for supper. They had nothing else to eat and they went to bed hungry.

Jack woke early the next morning and thought it very dark. He went to the window and could hardly see out of it, for it was covered with something green. He ran down stairs and into the garden. There he saw a strange sight.

The beans had taken root and shot up toward the clouds. The stalks were as thick as trees, and were wound about each other. It was like a green ladder, and Jack at once wished to climb to the top.

He ran in to tell his mother, but she begged him not to climb the bean-stalk. She did not know what would happen. She was afraid to have him go. Who ever saw such bean-stalks before?

But Jack had set his heart on climbing, and he told his mother not to be afraid. He would soon see what it all meant. So up he climbed. He climbed for hours. He went higher and higher, and at last, quite tired out, he reached the top.

II.

JACK CAPTURES A HEN.

THEN he looked about him. It was all new. He had never seen such a place before. There was not a tree or plant ; there was no house or shed. Some stones lay here and there, and there were little piles of earth. He could not see a living person.

Jack sat down on one of the stones. He wished he were at home again. He thought of his mother. He was hungry, and he did not know where to get anything to eat. He walked and walked, and hoped he might see a house.

He saw no house, but at last he saw, far off, a lady walking alone. He ran toward her, and when he came near, he pulled off his cap and made a bow. She was a beautiful lady, and she carried in her hand a stick. A peacock of fine gold sat on top of the stick.

The lady smiled and asked Jack how he came there. He told her all about the beanstalk. Then she said : —

“Do you remember your father ?”

“No,” said Jack. “I do not know what became of him. When I speak of him to my mother, she cries, but she tells me nothing.”

“She dare not,” said the lady, “but I will tell you. I am a fairy. I was set to take care of your father, but one day I was careless. So I lost my power for a few years, and just when your father needed me most I could not help him, and he died.”

Jack saw that she was very sorry as she told this story, but he begged her to go on.

“I will,” she said, “and you may now help your mother. But you must do just as I tell you.”

Jack promised.

“Your father was a good, kind man. He had a good wife, he had money, and he had friends. But he had one false friend. This was a giant. Your father had once helped this giant, but the giant was cruel. He killed your father and took all his money. And he told your mother she must never tell you about your father. If she did, then the giant would kill her and kill you too.

“You were a little child then, and your mother carried you away in her arms. I

could not help her then, but my power came back to me yesterday. So I made you go off with the cow, and I made you take the beans, and I made you climb the bean-stalk.

“This is the land where the giant lives. You must find him and rid the world of him. All that he has is yours, for he took it from your father. Now go. You must keep on this road till you see a great house. The giant lives there. I cannot tell you what you must do next, but I will help you when the time comes. But you must not tell your mother anything.”

The fairy disappeared and Jack set out. He walked all day, and when the sun set, he came to the giant's house. He went up to it and saw a plain woman by the door. This was the giant's wife. Jack spoke to her and asked her if she would give him something to eat and a place where he could sleep.

“What!” she said. “Do you not know? My husband is a giant. He is away now, but he will be back soon. He sometimes walks fifty miles in a day to see if he can find a man or a boy. He eats people. He will eat you if he finds you here.”

Jack was in great fear, but he would not give up. He asked the giant's wife to hide him somewhere in the house. She was a kind woman, so she led him in. They went through a great hall, and then through some large rooms. All was grand and gloomy. They came to a dark passage, and went through it. There was a little light, and Jack could see bars of iron at the side. Behind the bars were wretched people. They were the prisoners of the giant.

Poor Jack thought of his mother and wished himself at home again. He began to think the giant's wife was as bad as the giant, and had brought him in to shut him up here. Then he thought of his father and marched boldly on.

They came to a room where a table was set. Jack sat down and began to eat. He was very hungry and soon forgot his fears. But while he was eating, there came a loud knock at the outside door. It was so loud that the whole house shook. The giant's wife turned pale.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "It is the giant. He will kill you and kill me too! What shall I do?"

“Hide me in the oven,” said Jack. There was no fire under it, and Jack lay in the oven and looked out. The giant came in and scolded his wife, and then he sat down and ate and drank for a long time. Jack thought he never would finish. At last the giant leaned back in his chair and called out in a great voice : —

“Bring me my hen !”

His wife brought a beautiful hen and placed it on the table.

“Lay !” roared the giant, and the hen laid an egg of solid gold.

“Lay another !” and the hen laid another. So it went on. Each time the hen laid a larger egg than before. The giant played with the hen for some time. Then he sent his wife to bed, but he sat in his chair. Soon he fell asleep, and then Jack crept out of the oven and seized the hen. He ran out of the house and down the road. He kept on till he came again to the bean-stalk, and climbed down to his old home.

III.

THE GIANT'S MONEY-BAGS.

JACK's mother was very glad to see him. She was afraid he had come to some ill end.

"Not a bit of it, mother," said he. "Look here!" and he showed her the hen. "Lay!" he said to the hen, and the hen laid an egg of gold.

Jack and his mother now had all they needed, for they had only to tell the hen to lay, and she laid her golden egg. They sold the egg and had money enough. But Jack kept thinking of his father, and he longed to make another trial. He had told his mother about the giant and his wife, but he had said nothing about the fairy and his father.

His mother begged Jack not to climb the bean-stalk again. She said the giant's wife would be sure to know him, and he never would come back alive. Jack said nothing, but he put on some other clothes and stained his face and hands another color. Then one morning he rose early and climbed the bean-stalk a second time.

He went now straight to the giant's house. The giant's wife was again at the door, but she did not know him. He begged for food and a place to sleep. She told him about the giant, and then she said : —

“There was once a boy who came just as you have come. I let him in, and he stole the giant's hen and ran away. Ever since the giant has been very cruel to me. No, I cannot let you come in.”

But Jack begged so hard that at last she let him in. She led him through the house, and he saw just what he saw before. She gave him something to eat, and then she hid him in a closet. The giant came along in his heavy boots. He was so big, that the house shook. He sat by the fire for a time. Then he looked about and said : —

“Wife, I smell fresh meat.”

“Yes,” she said. “The crows have been flying about. They left some raw meat on top of the house.” Then she made haste and got some supper for the giant. He kept talking about his hen, and was very cross. So it went on as before. The giant ate and drank. Then he called to his wife : —

“Bring me something. I want to be amused. You let that rascal steal my hen. Bring me something.”

“What shall I bring?” she asked meekly.

“Bring me my money-bags; they are as heavy as anything.” So she tugged two great bags to the table. One was full of silver and one was full of gold. The giant sent his wife to bed. Then he untied the strings, emptied his bags, and counted his money. Jack watched him, and said to himself:—

“That is my father’s money.”

By and by the giant was tired. He put the money back into the bags and tied the strings, and then he went to sleep. He had a dog to watch his money, but Jack did not see the dog. So when the giant was sound asleep, Jack came out of the closet and laid hold of the bags.

At this the dog barked, and Jack thought his end had come. But the giant did not wake, and Jack just then saw a bit of meat. He gave it to the dog, and while the dog was eating it, Jack took the two bags and was off.

IV.

THE HARP.

It was two whole days before he could reach the bean-stalk, for the bags were very heavy. Then he climbed down with them. But when he came to his house the door was locked. No one was inside, and he knew not what to do.

After a while he found an old woman who showed him where his mother was. She was very sick in another house. The poor thing had been made ill by Jack's going away, but now that he had come back, she began to get well, and soon she was in her own house again.

Jack said no more about the giant and the bean-stalk. For three years he lived with his mother. They had money enough, and all seemed well. But Jack could not forget his father. He sat all day before the bean-stalk. His mother tried hard to amuse him, and she tried to find out what he was thinking about. He did not tell her, for he knew all would then go wrong.

At last he could bear it no longer. He had changed in looks now, and he changed himself still more. Then, one bright summer morning, very early in the day, he climbed the bean-stalk once more. The giant's wife did not know him when he came to the door of the house, but he had hard work to make her let him in.

This time he was hidden in the copper boiler. The giant again came home, and was in a great rage.

"I smell fresh meat!" he cried. His wife could do nothing with him, and he began to go about the room. He looked into the oven, and in the closet, and then he came to the great boiler. Jack felt his heart stop. He thought now his end had come, surely. But the giant did not lift the lid. He sat down by the fire and had his supper.

When supper was over, the giant told his wife to bring his harp. Jack peeped out of the copper and saw a most beautiful harp. The giant placed it on the table, and said:—

"Play!"

Jack never heard such music as the harp played. No hands touched it. It played all

by itself. He thought he would rather have this harp than the hen or all the money. By and by the harp played the giant to sleep. Then Jack crept out and seized the harp. He was running off with it, when some one called loudly : —

“Master ! Master !”

It was the harp, but Jack would not let it go. The giant started up, and saw Jack with the harp running down the road.

“Stop, you rascal !” he shouted. “You stole my hen and my money-bags. Do you steal my harp ? I’ll catch you, and I will break every bone in your body !”

“Catch me if you can !” said Jack. He knew he could run faster than the giant. Off they went. Jack and the harp, and the giant after them. Jack came to the bean-stalk. The harp was all the while playing music, but now Jack said : —

“Stop !” and the harp stopped playing. He hurried down the bean-stalk with the harp. There sat his mother, by the cottage, weeping.

“Do not cry, mother,” he said. “Quick, bring me a hatchet ! Make haste !” He

knew there was not a minute to spare. The giant was already coming down. He was half-way down when Jack took his hatchet and cut the bean-stalk down, close to its roots. Over fell the bean-stalk, and down came the giant on the ground. He was killed on the spot.

In a moment the fairy was seen. She told Jack's mother everything, and how brave he had been. And that was the end. The bean-stalk never grew again.



DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

I.

DICK GOES TO LONDON.

IN the olden times there lived in the country in England a boy by the name of Dick Whittington. He did not know who his parents were, for he had been born and brought up in the poor-house. There he was cruelly treated, and when he was seven years of age, he ran away and lived by what he could get from kind people.

He heard that the streets of London were paved with gold, and being now a sturdy youth, he set out for the city to make his fortune. He did not know the way, but he fell in with a carter who was bound for London, and he followed the cart. When night came, he helped the carter by rubbing down the horses, and for this was paid with a supper.

He trudged on thus day after day until they came to the famous city. The carter was afraid Dick would hang about him and give him trouble, so he gave him a penny and told him to begone and find some work.

Dick went from street to street, but he knew no one; he was ragged and forlorn, and looked like a beggar. Nobody gave him anything to do. Once in a while some one gave him something to eat, but at last he had nothing.

For two days he went about hungry and almost starved, but he would rather starve than steal. At night, at the end of the second day, he came to a merchant's house in Leadenhall Street, and stood before it, weary and faint. The ill-natured cook saw him and came out and said : —

“Go away from here, or I will kick you away!” At this he crept off a little distance and lay down on the ground, for he was too weak to stand. As he lay there, the merchant who lived in the house came home and stopped to speak to him. He spoke sharply, and told him to get up, that it was a shame for him to be lying there.

Poor Dick got up, and after falling once, through faintness and want of food, made out to say that he was a poor country boy, nearly starved. He would do any work if he might have food.

Mr. Fitzwarren, the merchant, saw in what a wretched plight he was, and took pity on him. He brought him into the house, and bade the servants look after him; he gave him a place under the cook, and this was the beginning of Dick's fortune. But Dick had a hard time of it. The servants made sport of him, and the ill-natured cook said:—

“Do you know what you are to do? You are to come under me. So look sharp; clean the spits and the pans, make the fires, wind up the roasting-jack, and do nimbly all the dirty work I set you about, or else I will

break your head with my ladle, and kick you about like a foot-ball."

This was cold comfort, but it was better than starving. What gave him more hope was the kind notice he had from his master's daughter, Mistress Alice. She heard Dick's story from her father, and called for the boy. She asked him questions, and he was so honest in his answers, that she went to her father, and said: —

"That poor boy whom you brought into the house is a good, honest fellow. I am sure he will be very useful. He can clean shoes, and run errands, and do many things which our servants do not like to do."

II.

DICK'S CAT.

So Dick was kept, and a cot-bed was given him in the garret. He was up early and worked late. He left nothing undone that was given him to do. For all that he could not please the cook who was very sour to him. Still, he bore her blows rather than leave so

good a home. Then the cook told tales about him, and tried to get him sent away, but Mistress Alice heard of it; she knew how ill-tempered the cook was, and so she made her father keep Dick.

This was not the whole of Dick Whittington's trouble. The garret where he lay at night had long been empty, and a great number of mice had made their home in it. They ran over Dick's face, and kept up such a racket that he knew not which was worse, the cook by day or the mice by night.

He could only hope that the cook might marry or get tired of the place, and that he might in some way get a cat. It chanced, soon after, that a merchant came to dinner, and as it rained hard, he stayed all night. In the morning Dick cleaned the merchant's shoes and brought them to his door. For this service the merchant gave him a penny.

As he went through the street on an errand that morning, he saw a woman with a cat under her arm. He asked her the price of the cat.

"It is a good mouser," said the woman; "you may have it for a sixpence."

“But I have only a penny,” said Dick. The woman found she really could get nothing more, so she sold the cat to Dick for a penny. He brought it home, and kept it out of the way all day for fear the cook should see it; then at night he took the cat up to the garret and made her work for her living. Puss soon rid him of one plague.

When Mr. Fitzwarren sent out a ship to trade with far countries, he used to call his servants together and give each a chance to make some money, by sending out goods in the ship. He thought that thus his ship had better fortune.

Now he was again making a venture, and each of the servants brought something to send; all but Whittington. Mistress Alice saw that he did not come, and she sent for him, meaning to give him some simple goods, that he too might have a share in the venture.

When, after many excuses, he was obliged to appear, he fell on his knees, and prayed them not to jeer at a poor boy. He had nothing he could claim for his own but a cat, which he had bought with a penny given him for cleaning shoes.

Upon this Mistress Alice offered to lay something down for him ; but her father told her the custom was for each to send something of his own. So he bade Dick bring his cat, which he did with many tears, and gave him over to the master of the ship.

The cook, and indeed all the servants, after this plagued Dick so sorely, and jeered at him so much for sending his cat, that he could bear it no longer. He said to himself that he would leave the house and try his fortune elsewhere.

III.

BOW BELLS.

HE packed his bundle one night, and the next day early set forth to seek his fortune. He left the house behind him, but his heart began to sink. However, he would not turn back, and he kept on, but at last sat down in the field to think.

Just then the Bow Bells, that is, the bells of a church in Bow Street, began to ring merrily. Dick heard them, and as they rang, he fancied he heard them sing, —

“Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.”

That was a fine song to hear, and Dick began to pluck up heart again. Still the bells rang. It was very early ; no one was yet astir at the merchant's house, and Dick, with new courage, took up his bundle, obeyed the bells, and walked quickly back to the house. He had left the door open, so he crept in and took up his daily task.

Now, about this time, the ship which carried Dick's cat was driven by the winds, and came to a place on the Barbary coast, where the English seldom went. The people received the master of the ship well, and he traded with them. As his wares were new, they were very welcome, and at last the king of that country, being greatly pleased, sent for the captain to come and dine at the palace.

The dinner, after the custom of the country, was not set on a table, but the cloth was laid on the floor. The guests sat cross-legged before the feast. But when the dishes were set down, the smell of the dinner brought a great company of rats, and these rats helped themselves without fear.

The master of the ship was amazed, and asked the nobles who sat there, if it was not very unpleasant to have this swarm of rats.

"Oh," said they, "very much so. The king would give half his wealth to be rid of them. They not only come to the table, but they make free with his chamber and even his bed."

"Well," said the captain, thinking at once of Dick's cat, "I have an English beast on board my ship which will quickly clear the palace of all the rats."

"Say you so?" said the king, when he heard of this. "For such a thing I will load your ship with gold, diamonds, and pearls." At that the shrewd captain made much of the cat.

"She is the most famous thing in the world," said he. "I cannot spare her, for she keeps my ship clear of rats, or else they would spoil all my goods." But the king would not take no for an answer.

"No price shall part us," he said. So the cat was sent for, and the table was again spread. The rats came as before, but the captain let the cat loose, and she made short work

of them. Then she came purring and curling up her tail before the king, as if she would have her reward.

The king was so pleased with the cat that he gave ten times more for her than for all the goods in the ship. Then the ship sailed away with a fair wind, and arrived safe at London. She was the richest ship that ever entered port.

IV.

LORD MAYOR WHITTINGTON.

THE master took the box of pearls and jewels with him on shore, and went straight to the merchant's house. He gave his account to Mr. Fitzwarren, who was greatly pleased at the fortunate voyage, and called his servants together, to receive each their profit. Then the master showed the box of pearls and jewels, and told the story of Whittington's cat, and how Puss had earned this wealth.

"Call Mr. Whittington," said Mr. Fitzwarren. "I will not take one farthing from him." Now Dick was in the kitchen cleaning pots and pans. When he was told that the

merchant had sent for Mr. Whittington, he thought every one was making fun of him, and he would not go.

At last, since no excuse would be taken, he went as far as the door. The merchant bade him come in, and placed a chair for him. At that poor Dick was sure they were making fun of him, and the tears came into his eyes.

"I am only a simple fellow," he said. "I do not mean harm to any one. Do not mock me."

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington, we are serious with you," said the merchant. "You are a much richer man than I am," and he gave him the box of pearls and jewels worth quite three hundred thousand pounds.

At first Dick could not believe his good fortune. When at last he was persuaded, he fell upon his knees and thanked God who had been so good to him. Then he turned to his master and wished to give him of his wealth, but Mr. Fitzwarren said : —

"No, Mr. Whittington. I will not take a penny from you. It is all yours." At that Dick turned to Mistress Alice, who also refused. He bowed low, and said : —

“Madam, whenever you please to make choice of a husband, I will make you the greatest fortune in the world.” Then he gave freely to his fellow-servants. Even to his enemy, the cook, he gave a hundred pounds.

Richard Whittington was now a rich man. He laid aside his poor clothes, and was dressed well and handsomely. He had grown strong and tall in service, and was indeed a fine man to look upon.

It was seen, too, that he was well behaved, and of a good mind and heart. Mr. Fitzwarren made him known to the other merchants, and let him see how business was carried on. Then seeing that he was as honest and good as he was rich, he told Whittington that he might have his daughter in marriage.

At first, Dick felt himself unworthy of Mistress Alice, but he saw that she looked kindly on him, and he remembered how good she had been to him from the beginning. So he made bold to ask Mistress Alice to be his wife, and they had a grand wedding.

After the wedding was over, Mr. Fitzwarren asked him what he meant to do, and Mr.

Whittington said he would like to be a merchant. So the two became partners, and grew to be very rich.

Rich as he was, this merchant never forgot that he was once poor Dick Whittington. The promise of Bow Bells came true, and three times he was chosen Lord Mayor of London. He fed the hungry, and cared for the poor.

When he was Lord Mayor of London the third time, it was his duty to receive King Henry V. and his Queen at Guildhall, which was the Mayor's palace. It was just after a famous war with France, which England had won.

The king, at the feast, made the lord mayor a knight, so that now he was Sir Richard Whittington. There was a very pleasant fire on the hearth at the time. It was made of choice wood, and mace and other spices were mixed with the wood. The king praised the fire, and Sir Richard said : —

“I will make it still more pleasant.” At that he threw upon the flames one piece of paper after another. They were the written promises of the king to pay for money lent to

him by London merchants when he was carrying on the war. Sir Richard had bought them for sixty thousand pounds. This was the way he paid the king's debt, for now there was nothing to show that the king owed anything.

This is the story of Dick Whittington and his cat. How much is true, and how much was made up, I do not know, for what happened took place five hundred years ago.



TOM THUMB.

I.

TOM IS SOLD FOR A BARGAIN.

A POOR woodman once sat by the fire in his cottage, and his wife sat by his side, spinning.

"How lonely it is," said he, "for you and me to sit here by ourselves without any children to play about and amuse us."

"What you say is very true," said his wife, as she turned her wheel. "How happy should

I be, if I had but one child. If it were ever so small, if it were no bigger than my thumb, I should be very happy and love it dearly."

Now it came to pass that the good woman had her wish, for some time afterward she had a little boy who was healthy and strong, but not much bigger than her thumb. So they said : —

"Well, we cannot say we have not got what we wished for, and, little as he is, we will love him dearly;" and they called him Tom Thumb. They gave him plenty to eat, yet he never grew bigger, but remained just the same size as when he was born; still his eyes were sharp and sparkling, and he soon showed himself to be a bright little fellow, who always knew what he was about.

One day the woodman was getting ready to go into the wood to cut fuel, and he said : —

"I wish I had some one to bring the cart after me, for I want to make haste."

"O father," cried Tom, "I will take care of that; the cart shall be in the wood by the time you want it." The woodman laughed and said : —

“How can that be? You cannot reach up to the horse’s bridle.”

“Never mind that, father. If my mother will only harness the horse, I will get into his ear, and tell him which way to go.”

“Well,” said the father, “we will try for once.”

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse to the cart, and put Tom into his ear. There the little man sat and told the beast how to go, crying out, “Go on,” and “Stop,” as he wanted. So the horse went on just as if the woodman were driving it himself.

It happened that the horse fell to trotting too fast, and Tom called out, “Gently, gently.” Just then two strangers came up.

“How odd it is,” one of them said. “There is a cart going along, and I hear a carter talking to the horse, but I see no one.”

“That is strange,” said the other. “Let us follow the cart and see where it goes.” They went on into the wood, and came at last to the place where the woodman was. The cart drove up and Tom said: —

“See, father, here I am with the cart, safe and sound. Now, take me down.”

So his father took hold of the horse with one hand, and lifted his son down with the other. He put him on a little stick where he was as merry as you please. The two strangers looked on and saw it all, and did not know what to say for wonder. At last one took the other aside and said : —

“ That little chap will make our fortune if we can get him, and carry him about from town to town as a show. We must buy him.” Then they went to the woodman and asked him what he would take for the little man. “ He will be better off with us than with you,” they said.

“ I ’ll not sell him at all,” said the father. “ My own flesh and blood is dearer to me than all the silver and gold in the world.”

But Tom heard what was said, and crept up his father’s coat to his shoulder, and spoke in his ear : —

“ Take the money, father, and let them have me. I ’ll soon come back to you.” So the woodman at last agreed to sell Tom Thumb to the strangers for a large piece of gold.

“ Where do you like to sit ? ” one of them asked Tom.

“ Oh, put me on the rim of your hat ; that will be a nice place for me. I can walk about there and see the country as we go along.”

They did as he wished. Tom took leave of his father, and went off with the two strangers. They kept on their way till it began to grow dark. Then Tom said : —

“ Let me get down, I am tired.” So the man took off his hat and set him down on a lump of earth in a ploughed field by the side of the road. But Tom ran about among the furrows, and at last slipped into an old mouse-hole.

“ Good-night, masters. I ’m off,” said he. “ Look sharp after me next time.” They ran to the place and poked the ends of their sticks into the mouse-hole, but all in vain. Tom crawled farther in. They could not get him, and as it was now quite dark they went away very cross.

II.

HOW TOM FRIGHTENED THE THIEVES.

WHEN Tom found they were gone, he crept out of his hiding-place.

“How dangerous it is,” said he, “to walk about in this ploughed field. If I were to fall from one of those big lumps I should surely break my neck.” At last, by good luck, he found a large, empty snail-shell.

“This is lucky,” said he. “I can sleep here very well;” and in he crept. Just as he was falling asleep he heard two men pass by, and one said to the other : —

“How shall we manage to steal that rich farmer’s silver and gold ?”

“I’ll tell you !” cried Tom.

“What noise was that ? I am sure I heard some one speak,” said the thief. He was in a great fright. They both stood listening, and Tom spoke up : —

“Take me with you, and I will soon show you how to get the farmer’s money.”

“But where are you ?”

“Look about on the ground, and listen where the sound comes from.”

“What a little chap ! What can you do for us ?”

“Why, I can get between the iron window bars, and throw you out whatever you want.”

“That is a good thought. Come along; we will see what you can do.”

When they came to the farmer's house, Tom slipped through the bars into the room, and then called out as loud as he could: —

“Will you have all that is here?”

“Softly, softly!” said the thieves. “Speak low, or you will wake somebody.”

Tom made as if he did not understand them, and bawled out again: —

“How much will you have? Shall I throw it all out?”

Now the cook lay in the next room, and hearing a noise, she raised herself in her bed and listened. But the thieves had been thrown into a fright and had run away. By and by they plucked up courage, and said: —

“That little fellow is only trying to make fools of us.” So they came back and spoke low to him, saying: “Now let us have no more of your jokes, but throw out some of the money.” Then Tom called out again as loud as he could: —

“Very well! Hold your hands; here it comes.”

The cook heard this plainly; she sprang

out of bed, and ran to open the door. The thieves ran off as if a wolf were after them, and the cook could see nothing in the dark. So she went back for a light, and while she was gone, Tom slipped off into the barn.

The cook looked about and searched every hole and corner, but found nobody ; she went back to bed, and thought she must have been dreaming with her eyes open. Tom crawled about in the hayloft, and at last found a good place to rest in. He meant to sleep till daylight, and then find his way home to his father and mother.

III.

INSIDE A COW.

Poor Tom Thumb ! his troubles were only begun. The cook got up early to feed the cows. She went straight to the hayloft, and carried away a large bundle of hay with the little man in the middle of it fast asleep. He slept on and did not wake till he found himself in the mouth of a cow. She had taken him up with a mouthful of hay.

“Dear me,” said he, “how did I manage to tumble into the mill?” But he soon found out where he really was, and he had to keep all his wits about him or he would have fallen between the cow’s teeth, and then he would have been crushed to death. At last he went down into her stomach.

“It is rather dark here,” said he; “they forgot to build windows in this room to let the sun in; a candle would be no bad thing.” Thus he made the best of his bad luck, but he did not like his resting place at all. The worst of it was, that more and more hay was always coming down, and there was less and less room to turn round in. At last he cried out as loud as he could: —

“Don’t bring me any more hay! don’t bring me any more hay!” The cook happened just then to be milking the cow. She heard some one speak, but she saw nobody. Yet she was sure it was the same voice she had heard in the night. It put her into such a fright that she fell off her stool and upset her milk-pail. She ran off as fast as she could to the farmer, and said: —

“Sir, sir, the cow is talking.” But the farmer said: —

“Woman, thou art surely mad.” Still, he went with her into the cow-house to see what was the matter. Just as they went in, Tom cried out again : —

“Don’t bring me any more hay ! don’t bring me any more hay !” Then the farmer was in a fright. He was sure the cow must be mad, so he gave orders to have her killed at once. The cow was killed, and the stomach with Tom in it was thrown into the barn-yard.

IV.

SAFE AT HOME AGAIN.

Tom soon set himself to work to get out, and that was not a very easy task. But at last, just as he made room to get his head out, a new ill befell him. A hungry wolf was prowling about, and at that moment seized the stomach with Tom in it, and swallowed it. Off he ran, but Tom was not cast down. He began to chat with the wolf, and called out : —

“My good friend, I can show you a famous treat.”

“Where is that?”

“In the house near the wood. You can crawl through the drain into the kitchen, and there you will find cakes, ham, beef, and everything that is nice.” Now, this was the house where Tom Thumb lived. The wolf did not need to be asked twice. That very night he went to the house and crawled through the drain into the kitchen, and there he ate and drank to his heart’s content.

After a while he had eaten so much that he was ready to go away. But now he could not squeeze through the drain. This was just what Tom had thought of, and the little chap set up a great shout.

“Will you be quiet?” said the wolf.
“You will wake everybody in the house.”

“What is that to me?” said the little man.
“You have had your frolic; now I have a mind to be merry myself;” and he began again to sing and shout as loud as he could.

The woodman and his wife were awaked by the noise, and peeped through a crack into the kitchen. When they saw a wolf there, you may be sure they were in a great

fright. The woodman ran for his axe, and gave his wife a scythe.

"Now, do you stay behind," said the woodman. "When I have knocked the wolf on the head, you run at him with the scythe." Tom heard all this, and said : —

"Father! father! I am here. The wolf has swallowed me."

"Now, Heaven be praised!" said the woodman. "We have found our dear child again. Do not use the scythe, wife, for you may hurt him." Then he aimed a great blow, and struck the wolf on the head, and killed him at once. They opened him, and set Tom Thumb free.

"Ah!" said his father, "what fears we have had for you!"

"Yes, father," he answered. "I have travelled all over the world since we parted, and now I am very glad to get fresh air again."

"Why, where have you been?"

"I have been in a mouse-hole, in a snail-shell, down a cow's throat, and inside the wolf, and yet here I am again, safe and sound."

“Well, well,” said his father. “We will not sell you again for all the riches in the world.”

So they hugged and kissed their dear little son, and gave him plenty to eat and drink, and bought him new clothes, for his old ones had been quite spoiled on his journey.



THE WHITE CAT.

I.

THE PALACE OF THE WHITE CAT.

A KING had three sons, handsome, brave, and generous. Some persons about the court, however, made the king believe that these sons of his were eager to have him die or leave the throne, because they each wanted to be king. This was not at all true, but the king believed it, and made a plan to get them out of the way. He sent for them, and said:—

“My dear sons, you must see that I am growing old, and cannot attend to state affairs

as I once used to. It is right that I should make one of you king in my stead ; but first I should like something to amuse me when I am no longer king. I think I should like best a little dog. Now, the one of you who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be king in my stead."

The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father to have a little dog, but they all agreed to do as he had asked. They bade him good - by, and promised to come back in a year. They went off together to an old palace three miles away. There they had something to eat, and then set off on separate roads. But they agreed to meet again at the palace at the end of the year.

Now, we will see what happened to the youngest of the three brothers. He went from town to town looking for handsome dogs. He bought one, and then, when he found a handsomer dog, he bought that and gave the other away. He could not keep all the dogs. Twenty servants would not have been enough to carry them about, and take care of them. He kept only the handsomest one.

At last he found himself in a wood. Night came on, and it began to rain. There was thunder and lightning, and he lost his way. He groped about and saw a light in the distance. He went toward it, and soon was in front of a fine palace.

The door to the palace was of gold, studded with sapphires, and these shone with a bright light. This was the light the prince had seen. The walls of the palace were of fine china, and there were wonderful paintings upon them. These paintings showed the adventures of all the fairies from the beginning of the world.

The prince saw a deer's foot hanging by the side of the door. It was hung at the end of a chain of diamonds, and was plainly a bell-pull. He was greatly astonished, for he saw no one, and he wondered that thieves had not long ago stolen the diamonds and the sapphires.

He pulled the deer's foot and heard a bell ring. Soon the golden door opened. He saw nobody, but he saw twelve hands in the air, each holding a torch. He looked and did not know what to do. Then he felt himself

gently pushed from behind, so he walked on into the palace. There he heard a voice singing : —

Welcome prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here.

The hands with the torches led him through one door after another, into one room after another. Each room was more splendid than the last. Finally the hands drew a chair near a fire, and beckoned him to sit down.

The hands he saw were white and fair. They took away his wet clothes and brought him new fine linen, and a warm wrapper in which he sat before the fire. Then they placed before him a glass upon a stand, and began to comb and brush his hair gently. They brought a bowl with perfumed water in it, and washed his face and hands.

Now the prince was fresh and warm, and the hands gave him a princely suit of clothes. When he was dressed, they led him out of the chamber to a grand hall. Here a table was set with rich and dainty food. Two plates were on the table, and the prince wondered who was to eat with him.

II.

A YEAR OF SPORT.

Just then he looked up and saw a small figure coming toward him. It was covered with a long black veil, and was not more than a foot high. On each side walked a cat dressed in black, and behind came a great number of cats, some carrying cages full of rats, and others mouse-traps filled with mice.

The prince did not know what to think. The little figure drew near, and drew aside her veil. It was a cat, a beautiful white cat, but looking sad and gentle. She said to the prince : —

“You are welcome, prince. It makes me glad to have you come.”

“Madam,” said the prince, “I thank you for all your goodness to me. I cannot help thinking you must be a wonderful being, to have this beautiful palace, to be able to speak, and yet — to be a cat !”

“That is true,” said the cat, “but I do not like to talk, and I do not like to hear fine things said to me. Let us sit down to supper.”

The hands then placed some dishes on the table, in front of the prince and the White Cat. The prince had a pie made of young pigeons, but the White Cat had one made of fat mice. The prince at first did not like to touch his food. He was not quite sure what it was, but the White Cat told him not to be afraid. The dishes before him had no bit of rat or mouse in them.

When supper was over, the prince noticed that the White Cat carried a little picture hung by a cord upon one of her feet. He asked to look at it. It was a portrait of a young man. To his great surprise, it was his own likeness.

He did not ask the White Cat to explain this, for she had a look which forbade him. They talked together about many things, and then the White Cat bade the prince good-night. The hands, with torches, led him to his chamber, and there he slept.

He was waked in the morning by a noise outside. He got up, and the hands brought him a handsome hunting-jacket. The noise kept on, and he looked out of the window. There he saw more than five hundred cats in the open space before the palace. They were making ready for a hunt.

The White Cat soon came and asked him to join their sport, and he was given a wooden horse to ride on. The White Cat mounted a monkey. She wore a dragoon's cap, which made her look very bold and fierce.

The horns sounded, and away they went. The cats ran faster than the hares and rabbits, and when they caught any they brought them to the prince and the White Cat. They chased birds as well as rabbits. Up the trees they went, and the White Cat on the monkey climbed more quickly than any, and mounted the highest trees, to the eagle's nest.

When the chase was over, they all went back to the palace. The White Cat sat down at the table with the prince, and they had a fine supper. Again the hands led the prince to his chamber, and he slept soundly.

So it went on day after day. Every day there was some new pleasure, and the White Cat was so gentle, so sweet, and so thoughtful, that the prince could not bear to think of leaving the palace.

"How can I go away from you?" he cried one day. "Can you not make me a cat to live here always? or, can you not make your-

self a lady?" But the White Cat only smiled, and made no answer.

At last a year had almost gone. The White Cat knew what day the prince must return to his father, and told him that he had but three days left.

"Alas!" said the prince. "What shall I do? I have not yet found a dog small enough."

"Never fear," said the White Cat. "I will see that you have a dog, and I will also give you a wooden horse, so that you can ride home in a few hours."

When the day came, the White Cat gave the prince an acorn, and told him to put it close to his ear. He did so, and could hear a little dog barking inside the acorn. He was delighted, and thanked the White Cat a thousand times.

III.

THE LITTLE DOG AND THE CAMBRIC.

The prince mounted his wooden horse, and soon was at the place where he was to meet

his brothers. The two eldest told their stories. The youngest kept silence, and showed only a cheap cur. The brothers trod on each other's toes under the table, as much as to say, "We have nothing to fear from this dog."

The next day they all went to the palace. The dogs of the two elder brothers were brought in on soft rugs; they were wrapped about in silk quilts, and it was hard to see anything of them. However, the king looked at each, and could not make up his mind which was the smaller and prettier. So the two princes began to quarrel.

At this the youngest son came forward. Nobody had looked at his cur, but now he showed them his acorn. He broke the shell, and out jumped a little dog. He held his finger ring, and the dog leaped through it. There was no doubt now who had the smallest and prettiest dog.

The king could not possibly find any fault with the dog, but he could not bear to give up his crown yet. So he thanked his sons for their trouble, and asked them to try once more. He wished them to be gone a year, and at the end of that time to bring him

a fine piece of cambric. It must be fine enough to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard, but they set off as before. The two eldest took different roads. The youngest mounted his wooden-horse, and quickly came to the palace of the White Cat. There he was received with great joy. The hands helped him to dismount, and the table was spread before him. The best food was given him, and the White Cat sat opposite. He told her what a hard task his father had set.

"Do not be troubled," she said. "I have cats in my palace who can make just such cambric. So be at ease and enjoy yourself."

The prince knew how to enjoy himself. He talked with the White Cat about all sorts of things, and they hunted together. And when he was alone, why, he could think about the White Cat, and what she said last. Oh yes, he knew how to enjoy himself.

Thus another year went by. At the end of the year the White Cat said to the prince :

"This time you must go in state."

Then he saw in the yard a splendid

carriage, covered with gold and diamonds. Twelve horses as white as snow were harnessed to it, and a troop of horsemen was ready to ride behind and by the side of the carriage. The White Cat bade the prince good-by, and gave him a walnut.

"In this nut," she said, "is the cambric. But you must not open the nut till you come before the king."

Away went the horses, and carried the prince in a twinkling to the king's palace. His two brothers were already there. They all went into the king's presence, and the eldest brought out his piece of cambric. No one had ever seen anything so fine. The king took the needle. The tip end of the cambric went through the eye, but the piece could not be pulled further.

The second son tried, but his piece failed also. Then the youngest prince came forward with an elegant box, covered with jewels. He opened the box and took out the walnut. He smiled, and looked about, and cracked the shell. Then he looked sober. There was no cambric here, only a filbert.

However, he cracked the shell of the filbert.

Out came a cherry-stone. He looked more serious still. The brothers and the lords of the court began to laugh. What could be more silly than this prince with his cherry-stone !

The prince now cracked the cherry-stone, and took out the kernel. He split it, and found a grain of wheat ; he opened the grain of wheat, and there was a grain of millet-seed. All the court was now laughing. The prince grew red in the face, and muttered : —

“ O White Cat, White Cat, you have deceived me.”

When he said this he felt a scratch on his arm. He saw nothing, but it was just as if a cat scratched him. That brought him to his senses. He opened the millet-seed very carefully, and drew forth a piece of cambric. It was four hundred yards long, and was so fine that it was easily drawn through the eye of the needle.

The king could ask nothing more. But he was not ready to give up his crown, so he said to his sons : —

“ You have done nobly. Now one of you must be king. But it will not do for one to

be king without a queen. So go away and find the most beautiful woman in the world. At the end of the year come back. The one who brings the most beautiful woman shall marry her and have my kingdom."

IV.

THE WHITE CAT HAS HER HEAD CUT OFF.

The three brothers set off again on their travels, and the youngest drove straight to the palace of the White Cat. He could not bear to speak or think of his errand. He was so happy, however, with the White Cat that he quite forgot everything for another year. At the end of that time the White Cat herself reminded him what he had to do.

"You must now go back to your father, but you shall take with you a beautiful princess. Cut off my head and my tail, and throw them into the fire."

"I!" said the prince. "I cut off your head and tail! How can I, when I love you so?"

“You must. That is the way to prove your love. If you love me, do as I bid you.”

The prince looked at the White Cat. Her eyes said the same thing to him. He took his sword, and did as she bade him. No sooner had he done this than the White Cat was gone, and a beautiful princess stood before him. At the same moment the room was full of maids and gentlemen. All the cats were gone. The prince was astonished. The beautiful princess sent away all the people, and then told the story of her life to the prince.

V.

THE WHITE CAT'S STORY.

“Do not think I have always been a cat. My father was a king, and had six kingdoms. He loved my mother dearly, and let her do just as she wished. She liked best to travel and to see new sights. One day she heard of a distant country where the fairies had a garden, and in this garden was the most delicious fruit ever eaten.

“She wished at once to taste this fruit, and

so she set off for the country. She came to a noble palace and knocked at the gate. No one came out. She waited. No one appeared anywhere in sight. But over the garden wall she saw the fruit.

“My mother bade her servants pitch her tent close by the gate. There she stayed six weeks. Yet she saw no one go in or out. She was so vexed and so disappointed that at the end of six weeks she fell sick.

“One night, when she was almost dead, she opened her eyes and saw an old woman, small and ugly. It was one of the fairies who owned the garden. This old woman was sitting in a chair by the bed, and spoke to my mother.

“‘Why do you come here for our fruit?’ she asked. ‘My sisters and I do not like it at all. We did not mean you should have any. But now you are very ill, and we do not want you to die here, you may have all you want, if you will give us what we ask and then go away.’

“‘Oh,’ said my mother, ‘I will give you everything I have, to the half of my kingdom, if you will only give me the fruit.’

“‘Very well. You will have a child. When the child is born, give her to us. We will take care of her, and she shall be a beautiful princess.’

“‘That is pretty hard,’ said my mother, ‘but I must have the fruit, or I shall die. So the child shall be yours.’

“Then my mother rose and dressed, and went into the garden. Here she ate her fill. Besides, she ordered four thousand mules to be loaded with the fruit, for it was of a kind that would never spoil. Thus she travelled back to my father. He was overjoyed to see her, and she said nothing of the promise she had given.

“By and by, however, she grew sad, and my father asked her what troubled her. Then she told him the whole story. At first he was greatly troubled, but he began to think how he should prevent the fairies from getting his child.

“As soon as I was born he had me taken to the top of a high tower. There were twenty flights of stairs leading up to the room in which I was placed. A door was at the foot of each flight, and was locked, and my

father kept the key. He did not mean that any one should get at me.

“When the fairies heard of this, they were very angry. They sent forth a great dragon, and the dragon breathed forth fire, and burnt up the grass and trees. It was very fierce, too, and killed men, women, and children. So my father was filled with dismay, and sent word that the fairies should have me.”

VI.

THE WHITE CAT'S STORY ENDED.

“I was placed in a cradle of mother-of-pearl, and carried to the palace by the garden where my mother had eaten the fruit. The dragon at once disappeared, and all went well in my father's kingdom.

“The fairies gave me a room in a tower, and I had everything I could ask. Here I grew up. I knew nothing of my father or mother. The fairies came to see me, but they rode the dragon, and flew in at the window. You must know, there was no door to the tower. There were windows, high up from

the ground, and there was a garden upon the top of the tower.

“The fairies were very kind to me, and all went well. I played in the garden on the tower, and I had my birds and flowers. But one day I was sitting at one of the windows, talking with my parrot, when I saw a fine-looking man below. He stood listening to the parrot and me.

“I never had seen a man except in pictures, and I was very glad to see this one. We spoke to each other through the window, and so it went on day after day. At last I thought I could not bear to live alone in the tower, and I planned to escape.

“I begged the fairies to bring me some cord and needles, to make a net with. There were birds flying about, and if I had a net I could catch one. They gave me these things, and I made a ladder which reached from my window to the ground.

“I meant to climb down the ladder, but before I could do so my lover had climbed up. He leaped in at my window. At first I was frightened, but then I was glad to have him with me. He gave me a picture of himself,

but while we were talking, the Fairy Violent flew in at the window on the back of the dragon. She was in a great rage, and bade the dragon at once devour my lover.

“I tried to cast myself into the mouth of the dragon, for I no longer cared to live. But the fairy held me back, and said she had another punishment for me. She touched me with her wand, and I became at once a White Cat.

“She brought me to this palace, and gave me a troop of cats to wait on me. They were lords and ladies who had been turned into cats. The hands were the hands of servants who could not be seen. Here I was to stay a cat until a prince should come who looked exactly like my lover, and who should cut off my head and my tail.

“My prince, look at this picture. It is your exact image. You have saved me from the fairies, and I love you with all my heart.”

The prince was overjoyed. He made haste to set out for his father's palace with the beautiful princess. Again the brothers stood before the king, each with a beautiful princess.

The king was now at his wits' end, but the princess, who had lately been a White Cat, came forward and said : —

“ O king, it is a thousand pities that you should give up your kingdom. You are not old. You are very wise, and ought to reign many years. I have six kingdoms. Let me give one to each of your two eldest sons. Then the youngest son and I will still have four kingdoms. More than all, you will not have to decide which of us three princesses is the most beautiful.”

Everybody set up a shout. The three weddings took place at once, and the kingdoms were divided between the princes.

LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain village a little girl. Her mother was very fond of her, and her grandmother doted on her even more. This good old woman made for her a red cloak, that suited the child so well that ever after she was called Little Red-Riding-Hood.

One day her mother made some cakes, and said to Little Red-Riding-Hood : —

“Go, my dear, and see how grandmother does, for I hear she has been very ill. Carry her a cake and a little pot of butter.”

Little Red-Riding-Hood set out at once to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village. As she was going through the wood she met a great wolf. He had a very great mind to eat her up; but he dared not, for there were some wood-choppers near by. So he asked her : —

“Where are you going, little girl?” The poor child did not know that it was dangerous to stop and talk with the wolf, and she said : —

“I am going to see my grandmother, and carry her a cake and a little pot of butter from my mother.”

“Does she live far off?” asked the wolf.

“Oh, yes. It is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village.”

“Well,” said the wolf, “I will go and see her, too. I will go this way; do you go that, and we will see who will be there soonest.”

At this the wolf began to run as fast as

he could, taking the nearest way, and Little Red-Riding-Hood went by the farthest. She stopped often to chase a butterfly, or pluck a flower, and so she was a good while on the way. The wolf was soon at the old woman's house, and knocked at the door—tap, tap!

“Who is there?”

“Your grandchild, Little Red-Riding-Hood,” replied the wolf, changing his voice. “I have brought you a cake and a pot of butter from mother.” The good grandmother, who was ill in bed, called out:—

“Pull the string, and the latch will go up.”

The wolf pulled the string, and the latch went up. The door opened, and he jumped in, and fell upon the old woman, and ate her up in less than no time, for he had not tasted food for three days. He then shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed. By and by, Little Red-Riding-Hood came and knocked at the door—tap, tap!

“Who is there?”

Little Red-Riding-Hood heard the big voice of the wolf, and at first she was afraid. Then she thought her grandmother must have a bad cold, and be very hoarse, so she answered:—

“Little Red-Riding-Hood. I have brought you a cake and a pot of butter from mother.” The wolf softened his voice as much as he could, and called out : —

“Pull the string, and the latch will go up.”

Little Red-Riding-Hood pulled the string, and the latch went up, and the door opened. The wolf was hiding under the bedclothes and called out in a muffled voice : —

“Put the cake and the pot of butter on the shelf, and come to bed.”

Little Red-Riding-Hood made ready for bed. Then she looked with wonder at her grandmother, who had changed so much, and she said : —

“Grandmother, what great arms you have ! ”

“The better to hug you, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what great ears you have ! ”

“The better to hear you, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what great eyes you have ! ”

“The better to see you, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what great teeth you have ! ”

“The better to eat you.” And at this the wicked wolf sprang up and fell upon poor Little Red-Riding-Hood and ate her all up.

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